

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 42—No. 18.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

Price 4d. Unstamped.
(5d. Stamped.)

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY, APRIL 30),

Verdi's Favorite Opera,

"IL TROVATORE."

TITIENS, BETTELHEIM, SANTLEY, GASSIER, GIUGLINI.

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

To Conclude with the New Ballet Divertissement,

"BACCO ED ARIANNA,"

MOLLE. ARANYVARY and SIGNOR AMMATURO.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

PRODUCTION OF "FALSTAFF."

On Tuesday Next, May 3rd, will be Positively Presented (for the First Time in this country) Niccolò's celebrated Opera,

"FALSTAFF,"

Founded on Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" (Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor).

The Opera composed by Otto Nicolai. The entirely New Scenery by Mr. Telbin, assisted by Henry Telbin.

The New Costumes (from the best Authorities) by Mr. S. May and Miss Dickens. The Incidental Ballet invented and arranged by M. Petit. The Appointments and Properties by Mr. Bradwell. The Machinery constructed by Mr. S. Sloan, and the whole produced under the superintendence of M. Reinhardt.

The following is the signally effective cast:—Fenton, Signor Giuglini; Sir Giovanni Falstaff, Signor Marcelllo Jance; Signor Ford and Signor Page (Abbatis di Windsor); Mr. Santley and Signor Gassier; Slender, Signor Bettini; Garzone d'osteria, Signor Manfredi; Dottore Caio, Signor Mazzetti; Anneta Page, Molle; Vitali—Madame Page, Molle; Bettelheim—Madame Ford, Molle; Titiana, (who will sing, in the Third Act, the Hondo-Finale, composed expressly for her by Signor Arditi)

Conductor—SIGNOR ARDITI.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

Thursday Next, May 5th,

"FALSTAFF."

Notice.—The Performances commence at Half-past Eight o'clock.

Pit Tickets, 7s.; Reserved Box Seats, 10s. 6d.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 6s. and 7s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.; Private Boxes, in the Upper Circle, 21s.

Box-office of the Theatre open daily, where places may be secured. Also at Mitchell's; Bubb's; Lacon and Oller's, Bond Street; Leader's, Opera Colonnade; Sam's; St. James's Street; Cramer, Wood, and Co.'s; and Hammond's, Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co.'s, Cheapside; and at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—FOURTH CONCERT, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on Monday evening next, May 2. *Programme:*—Sinfonia in G minor, Mehl; Concerto Pianoforte, in D minor, Mr. W. G. CUSING; Mendelssohn; Overture, Cymbeline, Potter; Sinfonia in C minor, No. 5, Beethoven; Concerto, violin, Sona-Cantata, Herr LAUTERBACH; Concert Master to the King of Saxony (his first appearance in England) Spohr; March, Egmont, Beethoven. Vocal Performers—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON and Mr. WEISS; Conductor—Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. To begin at 8. Tickets issued by Messrs. Addison and Lucas, 210, Regent Street.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT BRITAIN (Instituted 1738), for the Maintenance of Aged and Decayed Musicians, their Widows and Orphans. Patroness, Her Majesty the QUEEN.—The Annual Performance of Handel's "MESSIAH," at St. JAMES'S HALL, on Friday Evening, May 6, 1864. Madame PAPER, ELIZA HUGHES, LASCHILLE, SANTON-DOLIN, MOLLE, SIME REEVES, WHITFIELD, WINE, WALLWORTH and WEISS. Conductor, Professor STERNDALE BENNETT. Principal Violin, Mr. J. T. WILLEY. Organist, Mr. R. J. HOPKINS. Subscribers to the Society of One Guinea are entitled to Two Tickets to this performance. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 6s. and 3s.; Addison and Lucas, 210 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse and Co., 48 Cheapside; the principal Musicsellers; and Austin's Ticket Office, 22 Piccadilly.

MUSICAL UNION.—Tuesday, May 3rd, half-past three, ST. JAMES'S HALL:—Quartet, No. 1 in F, Beethoven; Romance, violoncello solo, Jacquard; Duet, B flat, Op. 46, for two pianofortes, Schumann; Melancholic Pastoral, violin solo, Prume; Quintet, E flat, piano, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn, Beethoven; Solo, pianoforte; Impromptu. Artists—SIVOR, RIES, WEBB, and JACQUARD (from Paris); CROZIER, POLLARD, RASP, and PAQUIS. Pianists, Mdlle. ZIMMERMANN and Herr PAUER. Visitors' tickets, Half-guineas each, to be had of Cramer and Co., Chappell and Co., Ollivier, Ashdown and Parry, and Austin, at the Hall. J. ELLA, Director, 18, Hanover Square.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, Thursday Evening, May 5. Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Judge me, O God," and a new work by Henry Gadsby. Also, "Ye spotted snakes," "The cloud-capt towers," "Crabbed age and youth" (by all the Male Voices); a New Chorus by Henry Leslie, "Soul of the age, Shakespeare, rise," &c. Soloists—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Signor SIVOR, M. LEMMENS. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s. and 1s.; at Addison and Lucas's, 210 Regent Street; Keith, Prowse's, 48 Cheapside; and Austin's, 22 Piccadilly.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, May 5.—Signor Sivori will play (with Madame ARABELLA GODDARD) Mozart's Sonata in A, his own Romance and Tarantelle, and the Violin Solo in Gounod's Meditation. Sur le premier prélude de J. S. Bach. Madame ARABELLA GODDARD will play Benedict's "Where the bee sucks." M. LEMMENS, first organist of H. M. the King of the Belgians, will play his "Invocation" and "Fanfare" on the Alexandre Harmonium, and will take part in Gounod's "Meditation."

MR. WALTER MACFARREN'S PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES AT THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on Saturday Mornings, April 20, May 21 and June 30, commencing at Three o'clock. *Programme of First Performance:*—Suite in G minor—Handel; Sonata in F, Op. 10—Beethoven; Prelude and Fugue in E minor, and Fantasia on an Irish Air—Mendelssohn; Sonata in B minor—Clementi. Romances (Listie)—E. J. Loder; Polonaise in A—Chopin; Rondo in A minor—Mozart; and Selection—Walter Macfarren. Subscription Tickets, 15s.; Single Tickets, 7s.—1 Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park.

LEVASSOREN VISITE.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—SCENES ET CHANSONS COMIQUE.—First Representation on Saturday Evening, May 5; to be repeated every Tuesday and Thursday Morning, and every Saturday Evening, during the month of May. Mornings at Three; Evenings at Half-past Eight. Pianoforte, Mr. ROOSKNOOR. Stalls (Numbered), 7s.; Area, 3s.; Gallery, 2s. Tickets may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33 Old Bond Street, where also arrangements may be made for private engagements.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

HER WILLEM COENEN begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at the above Rooms, on Wednesday, May 4th, at Three o'clock precisely, assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Vocalists—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Madame SHEPHERD LETT, Instrumentalists—Violin, Signor SIVOR; Pianoforte, Herr WILLEM COENEN; Harmonium, Mons. LEMMENS. Conductor—Mons. LEMMENS. KIRKMAN'S PIANOFORTE. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Ticket to admit Three, One Guinea; Single Ticket, 7s.; to be had of Herr Willem Coenen, 105 Great Portland Street, and of Ewer & Co., Regent Street.

MARION PITMAN'S "VARIATIONS ON THE ELFIN WALTZES" Will shortly be published.

THE CAVENDISH ROOMS,
LATE BLAGROVE'S ROOMS,
MORTIMER STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

Proprietors—Messrs. EDWARD HUMPHREY and THOMAS CHILDS

THE MUSIC PROFESSION, and the Public generally, are informed that this elegant suite of Rooms having been thoroughly restored, redecorated, and fitted on the most approved acoustic principles, may be engaged for Chamber Concerts, Pianoforte Recitals, Musical Soirees, &c., being particularly adapted for all purposes for which purity of sound is essential.

They are also admirably applicable for Public Dinners, Wedding Parties, Private Soirees Dancantes, and Amateur Performances, for which every requisite of the first description will be provided.

M R. ARTHUR SKETCHLEY will appear at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, in his New Entertainments, entitled "PARIS" and "MRS BROWN AT THE PLAY," EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at Eight, and on SATURDAY MORNING at Three. Stalls, 3s.; Second Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. The Box Office at the Hall will be open between the hours of Eleven and Five daily.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE. UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.—A GRAND MORNING CONCERT will be given at the above Rooms, on Thursday, May 26, in AID of the FUNDS of the LONDON SURGICAL HOME. The most eminent Artistes have kindly volunteered their services. Full particulars will be duly announced.

QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

M DLLE. GEORGI has the honor to announce that she will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, at the above Rooms, on FRIDAY, May 13th, 1864, under the following distinguished Patronage:—

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NORFOLK and
THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

The Duchess of Sutherland.	The Lady Caroline Neville.
The Duchess of Argyll.	The Lady Anne Beckett.
The Duchess of Manchester.	The Lady Mary Wood.
The Marchioness of Kildare.	The Lady Hester Lecke.
The Countess Constance Grosvenor.	Lady Liford.
The Countess of Abbergavenny.	Lady Wensleydale.
The Viscountess Neville.	Lady Graham Montgomery.
The Lady Caroline Lascelles.	Lady Parker.
The Lady Foley.	The Lady Mayore.
The Lady Adeliza Manners.	Mrs. Jones of Pantglas.
The Lady Blantyre.	Mrs. Arthur Pott.
The Lady Leigh.	Mrs. Bishop Culpeper.
The Lady Taunton.	Mrs. Herbert Ingram.
The Lady Bagot.	Mrs. Beaumont.
The Lady Jane Repton.	Mrs. Tucker.
The Lady Mary Fox.	Miss Holliday.

M Dlle. GEORGI will be assisted by the following eminent Artiste:—Madame AREABELLA GODDARD, Mdlle. CONSTANCE GEORGI and Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON; Signor GEREMIA BETTINI, Mr. LAZARUS, and Signor SIVORI. Conductors—Signor ARDTI, Mr. GEORGE LAKE, Mr. EMILE BERGER, and Mr. BENEDICT.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely. Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s.; to be obtained at Messrs. Cramer, Wood & Co.; Messrs. Chappell and Co., Sam's Royal Library, Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington Street, Messrs. Cock and Hutchings, Messrs. Ollivier and Co.; at Mr. Payne, at the Rooms, Mr. Austin's Ticket Office, Messrs. Keith Prowse and Co., and at Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

M DLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN has the honor to announce that her ANNUAL CONCERT will take place under distinguished patronage, at the QUEEN'S CONCERT ROOMS, Hanover Square, on Wednesday evening, 29th June. Conductor, Signor ARDTI. Particulars will be duly announced. 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury.

M DLLE. MARIOT DE BEAUVOISIN (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) will give her FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (varied by Vocal Music), on Saturday Afternoon, May 7, at Three o'clock, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St. James's. Tickets, 7s. and 5s.; to be had of the principal Musicians, and of Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, 40 Carlton Hill, St. John's Wood, N.W.

M R. DEACON'S SECOND MATINEE OF CLASSICAL MUSIC will take place at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, on Monday, May 9th, commencing at Three o'clock. Violin, M. SANTON, Herr POLLISTER and Mr. CLEMENT; Viola, Mr. H. WEBB; Violoncello, Signor PIZZETTI; Contrabasso, Mr. C. SEVERI; Pianoforte, Mr. DEACON. Tickets to be had of Messrs. Ollivier & Co., 19 Old Bond Street, the principal Musicians, at the Rooms, and of Mr. Deacon, 10 Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

M R. AUSTIN begs to announce that his BENEFIT CONCERT will take place on Tuesday Evening, May 3rd, 1864, on which occasion the following eminent Artistes will appear:—Vocalists—Mr. SIMS REEVES and Mr. RENWICK; Madame PAREPA, Miss EDITH WINN and Miss MARIAN MOSS. Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Mdlle. MADELINE SCHILLER (her first appearance this Season); Harps, Mr. J. BALSHI CHATTERTON (Harpist to the Queen), Mr. JOHN CHESHIRE and Mr. JOHN THOMAS (Pencroft Gwalia); Violin, Signor SIVORI. CHORUS OF THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION and BAND OF HARPS. Conductor—Mr. BENEDICT. To commence at Eight o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; and of all Musicians.

WILBYE COOPER'S ANNUAL CONCERT, ST. JAMES'S HALL, Wednesday, May 4, 8 o'clock, Mdlles. PAREPA, BANKS, HELEN PERCY, SAINTON-DOLBY; Measts. WINN, LEWIS THOMAS, WILBYE COOPER, CHARLES HALL, Herr LÄUTERBACH (first violin to the King of Saxony), JULES BENEDICT, Band and Chorus. Conductor—ALFRED MELLON. A Musical Story, "GRAZIELLA," VIRGINIA GABRIEL (first time). Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Tickets, 3s., 2s., and 1s. Addison and Lucas, 210, Regent Street; principal musicians; and Wilbye Cooper, 68, Richmond Road, W.

A PTOMMAS'S TENTH HARP RECITAL, May 18th, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, consisting entirely of his own performances. The Programme contains Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Chopin's Marche Funèbre, Mendelssohn's Song without Words (No. 5, Book 6), Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith, and Aptonomas's Valse de Concert, Tarentelle, Sounds from the Emerald Isle and Sounds from Home (Welsh Descriptive Fantasia). Family Tickets (to admit Three to Reserved Seats), One Guinea; Reserved Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 5s.; at the principal Musicians.

M R. KENNEDY'S SONGS OF SCOTLAND. EVERY MONDAY EVENING, MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET, Bedford Square; and on the SATURDAY MORNINGS in May at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS. Pianoforte Accompanist, Mr. LAND (so long associated with the celebrated Mr. Wilson).

M ASTER FREDERICK H. COWEN'S (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT) MATINEE MUSICALE, under the patronage of the Right Honourable the EARL of DUDLEY, will take place (by His Lordship's kind permission) at DUDLEY HOUSE, Park Lane, on Wednesday afternoon, June 15th. Further particulars will be duly announced.

H ERR OBERTHUR begs to announce that his MATINEE MUSICALE will take place at 16 GROSVENOR STREET (by the kind permission of MESSRS. COLLARD'S) on Monday, the 2nd of May. Vocalists—Madame LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON, Mdlle. ELVIRA BEHRENS, Mr. WILBYE COOPER and Signor BURDINI. Instrumentalists—Mdlle. MARIE WIECK (sister of Madame Clara Schumann), Mons. LEMMENS and Herr OBERTHUR. Conductors—Herr GOLMICK and Herr MAUSS. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s; each; to be had of Mr. Ollivier, 19 Old Bond Street, or of Herr Oberthur, 7 Talbot Terrace, Westbourne Park, W.

M ISS ROSE HERSEE will sing a new Song (the Words by H. HERSEE, Esq.; the Music composed expressly for her by EMMILE BERGER), entitled, "A KNIGHT CAME RIDING," at Middleton Hall, on Friday, May 6.

M R. BOSCOVITCH will play "THE BABY'S SONG," Composed for the Pianoforte by HOWARD GLOVER, at his Matinee, 29th April.

H ERR WILHELM GANZ will play his new Mazurka, "VOGLIANA," at Miss Fanny Partridge's Soirée Musicale, May 10.

M R. CAMPBELL BLACK, Mezzo Soprano (Pupil of Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON, Vicar Choral of the Cathedrals of Christ's Church and Saint Patrick, in the City of Dublin) sings in Italian, German, and French; she sings also all the popular, English, Scotch, and Irish Melodies, and has carefully studied Sacred Music. All Communications respecting Engagements to sing at Concerts, &c., to be addressed to her at No. 7, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.

M ADAME ALICE MANGOLD begs to announce that she is in Town for the Season. All letters respecting engagements, &c., to be addressed to Mr. H. Jarrett, Musical Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

M ISS ELEANOR WARD (Pupil of Mr. BENEDICT), begs to acquaint her friends and pupils that she has removed to No. 61 Albany Street, Regent's Park, N.W., where applications for Concerts and Lessons, &c., may be addressed.

M ADLLES. GEORGI & CONSTANCE GEORGI.—All Engagements to be addressed to Mr. JARRETT, Musical and Concert Agent, 244, Regent Street.

M DLLE. LIEBHART has arrived in London to fulfil her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre. Communications to be addressed to her at Outram Villa, Bridge Road, St. John's Wood; or to Mr. Jarrett, Concert Agent, at Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244 Regent Street.

M DLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE (Soprano), having finished her engagement at Barcelona, is now in London for the Season. Address—71 Connaught Terrace, Hyde Park, or care of Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co., Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street, W.

M R. J. ASCHER begs to announce that he has returned to Town for the Season. All communications to be addressed to Schott & Co., 159 Regent Street, W.

M R. LEONARD WALKER, Bass Vocalist, begs to announce that he has recovered from his late severe indisposition. Communications for Concerts, Lessons, &c., apply at his residence 47 n^o Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, or to Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co.'s Foreign Music Warehouse, 244 Regent Street.

M R. DAVID LAMBERT, Vocalist (Bass), late of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St. George's. Communications respecting engagements to be addressed to 34 Old Elvet, Durham.

M ASTER WILLIE PAPE has returned from his Provincial Tour. His Annual Recital will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Friday Evening, May 13. For engagements, public and private, address No. 9 Soho Square.

M ONS. LOTTO.—The Provincial Tour of M. LOTTO (with the Pyne and Harrison party) which has been attended with such great success, will terminate THIS DAY at Dublin, and M. Lotto will return to London for the season. Arrangements for public or private Concerts for May and June can be made on application to Messrs. CHAPPELL and Co., 50 New Bond Street.

SIGNOR & MADAME MARCHESI having finished their engagement with the Pyne and Harrison party, beg to announce that they will be in London for the Season on the 1st May. Communications for Concerts and Operas to be addressed to Cramer Wood & Co., 201 Regent Street.

MUSIC AND THE ITALIANS, BY FERDINAND HILLER.

Let us visit the Scala, one of the largest opera-houses in the world, on the night of the first representation of a *dramma lirico*. The magnificent edifice is most brilliantly illuminated and crowded to suffocation. The fair daughters of Lombardy appear in their richest toilets; the book of the opera is in everybody's hand; the orchestra begins, and a death-like stillness ensues. The curtain rises and there is a loud round of applause. 'What is the matter?' inquires a foreigner, in surprise. 'The scene is a success,' is the reply. On such an occasion, all the costumes and all the scenery must be new and beautiful. The introductory chorus is over, and hissing is heard. The *prima donna* comes on; she is a highly popular singer; there is a storm of applause. The *Adagio* of her air is dull—gloomy silence; the *Allegro* is tolerably brilliant—it is applauded. The tenor makes his appearance; he sings the recitative too low—he is hissed violently; in a fine vocal passage which follows, he rises with the composer, and is rewarded with liberal applause. A grand concerted piece in the finale is powerful and touching; a never-ending clapping of hands, calls of 'bravo,' and so on, recompense the composer and the executants. But it is a dangerous business if things go wrong, if the singers are out of tune, or if the music is wearisome! The most boisterous hurricane is nothing compared to an out-and-out failure at the Scala. The audience whistle, hiss, crow, and mew, and the storm can be terminated only by the Commissary of Police, who has been waiting behind the scenes, giving the order for the fall of the curtain. The elemental expressions of dissatisfaction then cease, but one can scarcely understand how it is possible, with the general and loud discussions which ensue, for anybody to understand things.

The most striking feature in the demonstration of an Italian audience is not so much their vehemence, which is to be found among less lively nations, as the quick and unanimous manner in which they burst forth, and, above all, the necessity they feel for the immediate manifestation of approbation as well as of disapprobation. To put up quietly with wearisomeness is an impossibility for the Italian, but it is quite as great an impossibility for him to receive quietly anything that pleases him. He requires strong and violent impressions, or, in their absence, at least sensual attraction. If he is offered what he desires, he is enthusiastically grateful; in the contrary case, he stands on the defensive and guards his just rights by all the means at his disposal. With regard to what they expect on entering a theatre, there is a complete understanding among Italians—musician, connoisseur, and layman are distinguished only by their greater or less amount of knowledge and capability, and not by their fundamental views of Art. Criticism merely explains for the public their own instinctive decisions; it is only in the most unusual cases that it ever opposes them. The musician condemns without much ceremony what the public will not admit to be good; the composer, who has had a failure, hides his face, tries to say a witty thing and write a more effective opera the next time, while the singer—well, he is always and everywhere right, but he takes his departure, and goes to seek his fortune elsewhere.

That, despite this spontaneity in the manifestation of opinion, it sometimes happens that the fate of an opera is not decided till after two or three performances, and that the same public is sometimes split up into parties for and against an *Absoluta*, for and against a composer, is a matter of course; but the unfrequence of the exceptions proves the rule, and the passion exhibited for or against is invariably the same.

It is an indisputable fact that the Italian possesses naturally a delicate and sharp ear for beauty and correctness of sound. A false or displeasing tone causes him physical pain, which he expresses, while it must be very bad indeed before a German remarks anything of the kind, [?] or, at least, lets anyone else remark that he remarks it. Furthermore, the Italian possesses a quick, intelligent, and excellent memory for music, and, after the very first performance of an opera, the streets resound with all the tolerably singable airs. The Italian scarcely knows what it is to hum without the words melodies that have become popular, and no cook will mumble over the 'Casta Diva' without repeating, as she does so, the verses addressed to the coy goddess. As a rule the Italian is quite at home in the magic circle which his opera has described around him; but it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, for him to step beyond it.

It forms no part of my present task to speak on Italian music. That, for a couple of centuries, Italian opera has exercised, as it continues to exercise, the most widely developed supremacy, is a fact that cannot be disputed. To this result its defects and its excellencies equally contribute. In Germany, people are as severe in blaming Italian operas as they are fond of hearing them. This reminds us of something said by Mephistopheles. It is certain that if the Italians heard their music performed, as it is generally performed by us, they would be the first to hiss it off the stage.

The Italian public has often been reproached with using the theatre only for the purpose of conversation, and with really caring nothing about the music. Against this notion every person acquainted

with the Italian operatic stage from actual experience must protest; it is true, though, that the fundamental principles of this stage differ from those of the theatres of all other countries; I will touch upon only one of them. The number of operas represented during a so-called *stagione*, lasting, at most, only a month or two, is limited; the operas which have once gone through the fiery ordeal are constantly repeated. During the first few performances, the public have rendered themselves intimately acquainted with the *libretto* and the music; the pieces and passages which please the public are definitely settled; they are listened to, every evening, with the same attention, and received with the same applause. During the rest of the opera, the audience are silent, or rather, they chat with each other. This, however, on account of the manner in which Italian theatres are constructed—a subject upon which I cannot, at present, enter into detail—interrupts the performance far less than it would in our theatres. But that, perhaps, in two or three months, an Italian may hear an opera which pleases him, more frequently almost than the inhabitants of the moderate zones hear their favourite works in the whole course of their lives is a fact which it is only just that everyone, who esteems passion love more than tender gallantry, should properly appreciate.

The concert-room still plays a very subordinate part in Italy. German instrumental music, the only instrumental music existing, is heard only sporadically, and could never, by the way, produce any effect in the large theatres of Italy. Concerts given in the latter are mostly composed of favourite pieces from operas, which, however, are not under-sung by the men in dress-coats and white neckties, and by the ladies in ball dress, but dramatically represented. Instrumental *virtuosi* (and we all know that Italy possesses many such, especially upon stringed instruments) play, as a rule, in the theatres, and may, if they succeed, appear many times successively. It is notorious that Paganini spent the far greater portion of his life playing in his native country. But the real musical sphere of the Italian has been, and is, singing, and that, too, in the dramatically garb, however little we are inclined to acknowledge his dramatic powers.

The characteristic of the Italian public consists in the fact that it is, in the strictest sense of the word, really a public. What its composers and singers offer it, is offered to the whole people, and by the whole people is it judged. In Italy there is no opera for privileged classes; there are no musical performances for educated persons only. We can easily perceive the good and bad effects resulting from this to art.

MUSIC IN HAMBURGH.*

On the 23rd February, at seven o'clock in the evening, Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passions-Musik*, according to the Gospel of St. John, was performed in the Petrikirche by the Bach Society, under the direction of the organist, Herr Armbrust. This elevated and beautiful work was previously totally unknown here, and the greatest anxiety was manifested to hear it, especially since people presumed that it would be executed with a deep feeling of love and reverence. A great number of persons were assembled in the church, which was lighted with gas, and the performance showed that the work had been studied with the utmost care. The choruses went well, being given with such a degree of certainty that the hearer had scarcely a notion how many difficulties had had to be overcome. Especial attention appeared to be devoted, moreover, to the rendering of the chorales, some of which, sung *a capella*, evidently made a most profound impression. Though we must point this out as a slight offence against the score, in which there is always an accompaniment, it may, perhaps, be willingly excused, when the chorales are executed by the entire chorus with such correctness as in the present instance, for, on the orchestra again coming in, not the slightest wavering in the tone was perceptible. The tenor part was taken by Herr Carl Schneider, formerly in Rotterdam, who sang the part of the Evangelist and the airs in an entrancingly beautiful style. Perhaps it would be difficult to find another singer who could go through this difficult part with such a wonderful absence of fatigue. To the end the voice remained even, despite the higher character of the music, and not the slightest effort was apparent. Herr Adolphe Schulze, as a bass, was on an equality with Herr Schneider. He studied for a year with Garcia, in London, and has understood how to turn that master's lessons to satisfactory account. The voice of this very efficient singer possesses an agreeable fulness and never-varying equality. He sang the part with evident love, and the piano passages were made to tell most effectively, so that both this gentleman and Herr Schneider suc-

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

ceeded in moving the audience profoundly. Madlle. Malvina Strahl, from Berlin, sang the soprano airs in a beautiful voice and with laudable correctness. Though it appeared as if, in the first air : "Ich folge dir gleichfalls," she would not be able to catch the real, serious, oratorio style, she gave the second air : "Zerfließe, mein Herz," with touching expression and decided success. Madlle. Steinfeld, a member of the society, sang her contralto air satisfactorily. The impression produced by this grand work, so successfully performed, was overwhelming, and the wish that the work should be repeated, general.

Finally, we must not omit to tender the conductor our best thanks for the care he had bestowed upon the rehearsals, as well as for the trouble he took in scoring the work more fully. This was necessary on account of the impossibility of employing the organ in its present condition. The new instrumentation was highly effective, especially in the airs; nowhere did it appear out of keeping, but was throughout treated quite in Bach's own spirit.

MUSIC IN ZURICH.*

During the last few weeks, an impulse has been given to our musical life. If rightly appreciated, this impulse may be attended with permanent benefits to music here. The General Musical Society determined, in addition to the regular Subscription Concerts, to give, exceptionally, two more, and to confide the direction of them to Herr Kirchner. As far as we are aware, it was the first time this gentleman, previously known only as a composer and a pianist, had appeared officially as a conductor. The curiosity of the public was consequently great, and many persons, probably, entertained some slight misgivings as to how the earnest subjectivity of Herr Kirchner's musical nature would allow him to conduct energetically large masses and blend them so as to execute comprehensive works. The task was no easy one. With an orchestra which, during a long winter, had been very hard worked both in the theatre and the concert-room, and which, from want of anything like high artistic guidance, had, though able to boast of excellent resources, and though animated by the best will, sunk so low as to regard its efforts as something quite mechanical—with such an orchestra the conductor had, with only a few rehearsals, to get up one of the most considerable symphonetic creations extant. When to this we add the fact that he himself has not had, as a conductor, any long experience, and moreover, was a stranger to the orchestra, the apprehension of the public was not altogether without foundation.

To the delight of all lovers of genuine art, the result has so triumphed over all doubts and fears that even envy is compelled to appreciate what has been done. Even the composition of the programme showed the thorough artist, who offers the public only what is noble and elevated, and offers it in such a combination and series that the whole produces the effect of one harmonious work of art. Whoever knows by experience how often this cardinal rule is disregarded in famous musical institutions, will appreciate the significance of the fact. At the first Extra Concert, on the 8th March, we had J. S. Bach's Suite in D major, the bold vigorous course of which, sparkling with life, as well as its splendid brilliancy, and noble fervour, executed with enthusiasm by the orchestra, electrified the audience in a degree we have seldom seen equalled in a concert-room, and least of all with an audience as a rule tolerably reserved. This was followed by Mendelssohn's Violin-Concerto, played by Herr Hegar, who had, also, executed very finely the violin solo of the overture in Bach's Suite. The passionate emotion of the first movement; the gentle grace of the *andante*; and the fiery brilliancy of the concluding movement of Mendelssohn's work, which displays, as few other works do, all the good qualities of the most light-winged of all instruments, without, on that account, being deficient in deep and thoughtful purport, all this was perfectly brought out in Herr Hegar's playing. As we recently remarked, his style is distinguished by nobleness of conception, combined with clearness and purity of mechanical execution. His tone is always beautiful, but it is not the little, smooth beauty of the drawing-room virtuoso; it is that genuine beauty, full of soul, only to be acquired by an artistic nature, completely penetrated with the spirit of the work. Gluck's

Iphigenia overture, with R. Wagner's conclusion, led the minds of those present, by its plastic clearness and transparency, back again to a calm collected state, and prepared them for the second part of the concert, which was filled up with Schumann's Symphony in C major. This brilliant composition, a glittering string of costly melodious pearls, was given with a fire, a freshness, and an animation, which were communicated, like a stream of electricity, from the conductor to the orchestra, and from the latter to the entire audience. Even after this first concert, every one was agreed that Herr Kirchner had triumphantly gone through the conductor's ordeal, and far more than fulfilled all reasonable expectations.

The second concert, on the 15th March, further confirmed the fact. It began with the introductory chorus of the third part of Schumann's *Faust*, and Mozart's "Ave verum," both sung by Kirchner's Vocal Association. This was followed by Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, to which Herr Kirchner gave all possible effect. Next came Schumann's mixed chorus: "Zigeunerleben," its characteristic liveliness being exceedingly well rendered by the above association. Bach's Suite in D major, played even more flowingly than on the first occasion, brought the first part to a close; so great had been the approbation excited by this work at the preceding concert, that a pressing wish had been expressed for its repetition. This is a gratifying proof how impressionable, and how capable of improvement, the public here are, provided they can only hear the right work performed in the right style. As a matter of course, nicer gradations, or a softer blending of the various component elements, would have been now and then desirable, but, to make up for this want, there was a warmth of conception, an animation and freshness in the playing collectively, breathing the genuinely artistic enthusiasm which the conductor had succeeded in communicating to his band. We have heard Beethoven's Symphonies played by celebrated orchestras with more smoothness and elegance, perhaps; but everybody is aware that this outward polish, in which, generally we find nothing more than the usual conductor's routine, is far from doing justice to the elemental power of those compositions. As regards ourselves, we scarcely ever remember a finer reading of the A major Symphony.

It is a great sign of success that those persons who heard this work, some years ago, when conducted by Herr Richard Wagner, not only consider the present performance equal to the performance on that occasion, but, in some portions of the work, absolutely prefer it. At any rate, the last two concerts of this winter have all the importance of an event in the musical life of Zurich. For years, our orchestra has wanted an artistic director. The rough, unintelligent manner in which the masterpieces of instrumental music were presented to us, was not calculated to awake a loving feeling for the noble art. Whoever did not choose to have his ears always shocked condemned himself to voluntary abstinence, and limited his attendance to quartet-evenings. The greater, therefore, was the delight at once more hearing classical master-pieces, under truly artistic guidance. In the great capitals of art, the impression of such an event is scarcely felt, perhaps. Here, however, everyone who takes pleasure in art flocked in from the city and the neighbourhood, from the villages scattered all around the Lake of Zurich, and even from Winterthur, Schaffhausen, and Basle. Thus there could hardly be anything more brilliant than the outward success of these concerts, the last one especially. Whoever knows, however, what animated intellectual life extends from Germany to Zurich, whoever is aware what a crowd of youths, eager for knowledge, flock to the University and the Polytechnic school, not from Switzerland alone, but from the whole world, will understand that the degree of attention bestowed upon art, in such a place, lays claim to no ordinary amount of aesthetic importance. It is impossible to say what more will be done for the development of musical matters; a great deal depends upon whether people will know how to appreciate becomingly such an instrument as Herr Kirchner for raising the condition of art. When such an artist, who cultivates only what is noble in art, who makes no concession to a depraved taste, who knows how to prize what is right and good in the works of living composers, as is proved by his regard for the creations of Herr Brahms; and who, finally, possesses the gift of ruling an orchestra and communicating to it some of his own fire; when, I say, such an artist is called on to conduct our concerts, we may then hope the best.

* From the Vienna *Reccensionen*.

There is, also, a second task reserved for him; the establishment of a mixed chorus. With this, as we have already said, Herr Kirchner has made a beginning. The number of the singing members of his Association amounts, at present, to about fifty. But such means are certainly far too inconsiderable to do anything great. Besides the choruses already mentioned, the Association sang, at the last Subscription Concert of the Musical Society, Mendelssohn's fine chorus from the 42nd Psalm: "Wie der Hirsch schreit," and the finale of the same master's unfinished opera of *Loreley*. What this small band of singers wanted in brilliancy and fulness they made up for by nobleness of sentiment and delicacy of light and shade. A more comprehensive effect cannot possibly be attained until the chorus is more numerous. It is not to be denied that there are considerable difficulties to be overcome before so desirable a consummation can be achieved. In my former account I hinted at some of the reasons of this. There is no want of individuals in whose side an artist is a thorn, because their own mechanic-like musical efforts would be thrown into the shade when measured by what he does. In addition to this, the exclusive attention bestowed upon Associations for Male Voices has hitherto stood in the way of a more comprehensive cultivation of the art. Let us hope that among so many singers there may soon dawn the conviction that the most laudable course of action is to unite under artistic guidance for the performance of great oratorio productions, in which vocal composition and instrumental composition achieve a common triumph.

COLOGNE.—The last meeting of the Musical Society was extremely interesting. The programme included an overture, a new "ballad and concerto" for the violoncello and orchestra, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller, and Beethoven's Septet in its original form. The "ballad," played by Herr A. Schmit, was much applauded, as was also the septet.—On the 19th inst., the Städtische Singverein, under the direction of Herr Ferd. Breuning, executed J. S. Bach's *cantata*—"Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," and N. W. Gade's "Erl König's Tochter," with pianoforte accompaniment. The whole performance went off well, and spoke volumes in favor of the care with which the members of the Verein are trained.—Madlle. Pauline Lucca arrived last week and was announced for two performances: on the 24th she was to appear as Valentine in the *Huguenots*; and on the 26th as Gretchen, in *Faust*.—In honor of the Shakespeare Tercentenary, a prologue, with a final tableau, by Georg Hinck, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Madlle. Wilhelmine Seebach and Herr Emil Devrient in the two principal parts, were represented, on the 21st, at the Stadttheater. On the 23rd, *Richard II.* was performed.—At the Thalia Theater, a "festival-play" with a concluding tableau, by Herr Michael Bernays, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, with Madlle. Hesse and Herr Harting in the principal parts, were performed on the 22nd. On the 23rd, *Much ado about Nothing* was the attraction. In consequence of the death of his wife, who expired at the beginning of last week, after great suffering, Herr Franz Lachner will be prevented from conducting the Forty-first Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine at Aix-la-Chapelle.

MEXICO.—This city boasts of three theatres, the largest of which is calculated to hold 2,500 persons. It was originally intended for the spoken drama in Spanish, but it is sometimes used also for Italian Opera.—According to the *Gazette des Etrangers*, the Emperor Maximilian's capital will moreover shortly possess a grand opera, a comic opera, and a ballet. The municipal authorities have granted an annual allowance of 200,000 francs, while the board of regency which governs until the new sovereign arrives, has despatched a special agent to Paris, for the purpose of engaging the necessary artists.

BRUNSWICK.—Richard Genée's opera of *Rosita* proved a complete failure. Several managers from other towns, who had come over to see the performance, with the notion of producing the opera themselves, abandoned the idea. On the other hand, an oratorio, *Rahab*, by Herr Mewes, a member of the Duke's band, was performed by the Concert-Verein with great success.

DARMSTADT.—The Grand-Duke has conferred the medal for Art and Science upon Herr Steger, who has been singing at the theatre here.—M. Reyer's opera, *Die Statue*, has been selected for performance on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Anne with the Grand-duke of Mecklenburg.

DRESDEN.—Herr Dorn's *Nibelungen* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced.—On the 13th inst., Dr. Johann Schneider, the renowned Organist, died in his 75th year.

ROTTERDAM.—Mynheer Tours, the organist, and one of the first musicians of Holland, died lately. For thirty years he had directed the concerts of the "Eruditio musica" society.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA—MARIO—LAGRUA, ETC.

(*The Times*—April 25th.)

The oftener *Un Ballo in Maschera* is heard the more intimately must attentive hearers be convinced that it contains some of the best, if not indeed the very best, music Signor Verdi has produced. That he was unlikely to work with indifference on a libretto which the brilliant Frenchman, Auber, had already set to music so melodious, bright and picturesque, may well be credited, and it is only in parts of the last act that we detect any traces of a carelessness with which the composer of *Rigoletto* may be taxed too frequently and with too much justice for his future fame. The first and second acts are written with unusual care (the overture, or orchestral introduction, containing even a theme elaborated in the contrapuntal style), while the third act is a masterpiece in its way, and even the fourth reveals passages of equal beauty and originality. Into the merits of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, as a musical composition, it is, however, too late to enter. That this opera is entitled to rank with the most admirable efforts of its author can hardly be denied; and the only wonder is that it has taken so long a period to win the almost unanimous acceptance readily extorted by works from the same pen of more or less inferior pretensions.

The performance on Saturday night was in most respects remarkable, in some beyond criticism. That Madlle. Lagrua should give an impressive portraiture of the unfortunate Amalia was only what every one anticipated who had witnessed her *Norma* and her *Leonora*. On the whole, indeed, the part has not been more thoroughly well represented at the Royal Italian Opera, although Madame Rossa Csillag and Madame Penco—artists of the first class—have both undertaken it on the same boards. The more that is seen of Madlle. Lagrua the higher must be the opinion entertained of her intellectual capabilities, dramatic and musical. Signor Mario's Riccardo is still without a peer. As a mere exhibition of histrionic power it has never been approached; while, even now, the execution of the music—deficient as it may be here and there in those physical requisites which necessarily have their quota in making up the desired perfection—brings to light so many beauties that it is to be doubted, if Signor Verdi himself were once to hear this king of Italian tenors in the part (which he failed to do while in England during the year of the International Exhibition), whether he would ever willingly see it transferred to another. Only to allude to a single piece, Signor Mario's singing and acting in the admirably ingenious *moreau d'ensemble* of the second act—where Riccardo, disguised as a sailor, turns into ridicule the predictions of the sorceress, Ulrica ("E scherzo od è follia")—would suffice to stamp the performance indelibly on the recollection of all who witnessed it. Signor Graziani's Renato, while much less elaborately finished, is far more agreeable than the Renato of Signor Delle Sodie. In the dramatic element it is difficult to say which is most wanting; but the fine barytone voice of Signor Graziani, accompanied by a style of singing much purer, and an expression much less affected and wire-drawn than that of his predecessor, leaves the genuine melody of the composer full play—allows it, in short, "breathing room," manifestly to its advantage. Madlle. Marie Battu sings the music of Oscar, the page, with considerable animation; and the two chief conspirators against Riccardo are graphically impersonated by Signors Tagliacchio and Capponi. The sorceress, Ulrica, introduces to Mr. Gye's subscribers a new contralto, in the person of a Madlle. Tati, who makes an impression anything but unfavorable, but of whose absolute merit it would be unfair to judge prematurely.

That *Un Ballo in Maschera* has ever been put upon the stage with such characteristic propriety, such scenic beauty, and such wonderful "stage effect" as at the Royal Italian Opera, may be fairly questioned. Everything—even to the masquerade scene, where the grace and animation of Madlle. Salvioni's dancing almost atone for the introduction into Verdi's opera of music that is not Verdi's—is perfect in its way. We have heard the choruses and certain parts of the concerted music executed with more satisfactory correctness than on Saturday night; but the orchestra was, as usual, all that could be wished—sometimes, perhaps (as in the fine dramatic trio for Amalia, Riccardo, and Renato—Act 3), a little more than could be wished, seeing that the voices of the singers were occasionally lost in the strenuous energy of the instruments. The opera passed off, from beginning to end, most brilliantly; the concerted piece, "E scherzo od è follia" (Act 2), and the slow movement of Renato's soliloquy ("O dolceze perdute"—Act 4) being encored, and the principal performers more than once recalled.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MARTHA—IL TROVATORE, &c.

(*The Times*—April 25th.)

Rigoletto—withdrawn after two performances—was followed in due succession by *Marta* and *Il Trovatore*. Little need be said of these well-worn pieces, which would appear in some measure to be losing

their attractive power. By her impersonation of Lady Enrichetta, in M. Flotow's opera, Madlle. Vitali further justified the indulgent criticism awarded to her Gilda, while, at the same time, doing nothing to call for particular remark. She has youth on her side, and so may safely take her chance with others. If she has ambition she will persevere and with perseverance make progress. At present her talent seems to lie rather in serious than in comic opera. Madlle. Bettelheim, the other new comer, in the lively part of Nancy, again showed talent as a comedian, and again extorted general admiration by the tones of her rich and powerful contralto. Signor Giuglini's Lionello, with the sentimental "M'appari-tutt' amor," and its hyper-sentimental

"Marta! Marta! tu sparisti,"—etc.

is as much and deservedly in favor as before; while the famous apostrophe to "the beer" (*sic*)—

"Chi mi dirà, di che il bicchier,"—etc.

was never sung with more spirit and vigor than by Mr. Santley, who, as an Englishman, must be accustomed to appreciate the merits of what a translator of the libretto describes as—

"The most delicious drink,
Of which England is bles—"

and who is, on the whole, the best Plumkett we remember. Another new-comer—Signor Mazzetti, to whom was allotted the grotesque character of Lord Tristan—made no impression.

A detailed account of *Il Trovatore* will hardly be expected. Enough, that the three principal characters—Leonora, Manrico, and the Conte di Luna—are once more represented by Madlle. Tietjens, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Santley; and that these eminent performers exhibit such distinguished ability in their respective tasks as to raise an earnest desire on the part of their admirers to see and hear them in some opera which, while as good, may, at the same time, be a trifle less hackneyed. Madlle. Bettelheim demands a word apart. Since Madame Viardot Garcia first played Azucena in this country (when *Il Trovatore* was originally produced) the character has never been so forcibly delineated as by Mr. Mapleson's Viennese contralto. Madlle. Bettelheim's portrayal of the mendacious and revengeful sorceress is, indeed, so vividly striking and dramatic as almost to evoke sympathy for a personage alike unsympathetic and repulsive. In many passages of the music, too, the rare quality of a voice which, though as yet imperfectly under control, carries a charm within itself, is conspicuously displayed. Such a voice as that of Madlle. Bettelheim is a treasure to its owner, and deserves every pains to bring it into the highest state of cultivation. It may not be out of place here to atom for an omission, as unmerited as it was unintended, in the notice of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on the night when Garibaldi honored the performance with his presence. The Maffeo Orsini of Madlle. Bettelheim, on that occasion, was unanimously extolled, and the well-known *brindisi*—"Il segreto per esser felice"—delivered with appropriate vivacity, was one of the marked successes of the evening.

Bacco ad Arianna, the new *divertissement* of Signor Magri, may be dismissed with a word. It is a pretty bagatelle, and affords Madlle. Aranyvary an opportunity of strengthening, in a *pas de deux* with the agile Signor Ammaturo, the favorable impression she created in the ball scene of *Rigoletto*. On Saturday night *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated. Meanwhile subscribers are anxiously expecting *Falstaff*—the Italian version by Signor Maggioni of Otto Nicolai's *Lustigen Weibe von Windsor*. This, by the way, might with strict propriety have been got ready for performance on the 23rd of April.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

(To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.)

SIR,—Taking a retrospect of my commonplace, I found a leaf, which, though the matter written upon it is anterior to the first letter I had the honor of addressing to you, I still think worth being put on record through the medium of that clear bold Roman type which is the pride of your independent MUSICAL WORLD. I see (by the sly foot-note of Mr. Ap'Mutton—*un coup de pied de veau*—for which I may some day repay him) that my hand-writing is not greatly admired, or readily understood, in your office. Extra reason, then, for my wishing to have my Bath notes imprinted. I found myself at Bath early on the morning of the 16th (Saturday), having travelled from Exeter by the "Parliamentary." At breakfast, I read in a local paper how Mr. H. Simms, the enterprising purveyor of musical pleasures for that ancient and good-looking city, was about to furnish his patrons with quite a classical treat on the very morning of my arrival; so before breaking the head of my second egg, I pulled the bell. Who should come up but the landlord himself. "Landlord," said I, "I see a concert by Simms advertised for to-day; who are the singers, and who the

players?" "Miss Banks, Madame Arabella Goddard"—"All right," I rejoined, cutting short his answer; "be kind enough to secure me a good place." The good place was secured; I reached the Assembly Rooms (capital rooms, by the way) almost before anyone else, and sat out the concert till the end. On returning to my hotel I immediately, and briefly, placed my impressions upon paper. I now tear out the leaf, and beg your compositors will convert its hieroglyphs into something more directly intelligible:

"What a delightful feast of harmony! What music! What playing! Wouldn't Groker Roores have liked it!—he who worships Beethoven, and doates upon Mendelssohn and Bennett! First, old Woelfl—two movements of his curious *Ne Plus Ultra*, that dear old piece, against which was pitted Dussek's *Le Retour à Paris*, under the bantering title of *Plus Ultra*—without Dussek or Woelfl knowing anything about it! I should wish to have heard the first *allegro*, with the double notes, as well—chiefly, perhaps, because our young and charming priestess of the Classic Piano gave the *andante* so unaffectedly and the variations with such magical dexterity. *N'importe*; two movements were better than no movement. Then came that gloriously clear, limpid, and melodious fugue, in C sharp major, of John Sebastian, with its ceaseless, sporting busy prelude—played with a taste and a tone that could only be rivalled by the neatness and fluency that accompanied them. Then the graceful *suite*, in E major, of great and big-wigged Handel, the one which terminates with an air and variations styled 'The Harmonious Blacksmith,' which your readers have heard too often from the same delicate and supple fingers to require any description from my humble pen. This—which ended Part I.—the 'fashionable and brilliant' audience (fashionable and brilliant they were) would fain have heard again; but Arabella was inexorable. Next followed that wonderful 'tone poem,' that impetuous tempest of sound, the *Scena Apassionata* of the mighty Beethoven—so christened, not by Beethoven but by publisher Cranz of Hamburg, and not ill christened after all. Happily this was given entire, and given divinely—a poetess interpreting the burning language of a poet, filled, like himself, with the inspiration, glowing, like himself, with the fire that descends from above, and only upon the most gifted. One of Stephen Heller's 'Restless Nights' (*Nuit Blanches*), a quaint and pretty trifle, coupled with Chopin's sparkling *Valze*, in D flat, helped to dissolve the spell which the magician, Beethoven, had thrown around us all. The Chopin was asked for again—so unanimously that Arabella was forced to comply with the best grace she might. Lastly, Sterndale Bennett's deliciously swan-like *Rondo Piacevole*, a gush of tune from the pure fountain, a model of graceful finish, played as Bennett himself, or the fair-haired gifted little Charles Filtch (whose spirit has long since fled, 'like the arrow in the noon') might have played it some twenty years bygone—followed by Mendelssohn's irresistible *Spin-tied*, which last affected the ear as a bright streak of lightning might the eye, with such astonishing rapidity as it was flashed off by the enchanted fingers of the pianist. The *Lied* was also redressed, but Arabella consented not. Here was a feast of piano music! Besides what has been described, the clever, gentle Miss Banks (Arthur Chappell's 'Pet of the Pops') sang an air by Mercadante, Glinka's plaintive 'Sleep, thou infant angel,' Benedict's no less plaintive 'In my wild mountain valley' (*Killarney*), and Shakespeare-Schubert's 'Hark! the Lark'—all charmingly, as might have been expected. Mrs. Pyne, too, a clever 'local' singer (the Banks arriving somewhat late, owing to a Philharmonic rehearsal the same morning), introduced a pretty song by poor Alexander Lee, which she sang with genuine taste. The vocal pieces were admirably accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Holdstock—another 'local' professor. The whole concert was a treat."

There, now; you have it all. I have been idle this week; but will be up and stirring for the next, towards the end of which, D.V., you will hear again from

YAXTON LAST.

Fish and Volume, Tewksbury Point,
April 28.

MISS SOMERVILLE.—The Stuttgart journals report very highly of the pianoforte performances of a young English lady, Miss Elizabeth Somerville. At the great annual concert of students of the Conservatoire, on the 9th instant, she is described as having shown extraordinary talent, with great technical finish of style, and "soul-touching" execution, especially in a fantasia of Hummel—"Oberon's Zauberhorn." Miss Somerville is returning to England to devote herself to the art, and is expected to reflect great honor on the Stuttgart Conservatoire. She is a daughter of Dr. Somerville of Wilmslow, Cheshire.

MR. AUSTIN, of St. James's Hall, has announced a concert for Tuesday evening, with Mr. Sims Reeves, Madlle. Parepa, Madame Madeleine Schiller (pianoforte), Mr. J. Balsir Chatterton, Mr. John Thomas (harps), and Signor Sivori (violin).

ANTONIO SALIERI.

(FROM DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC).

(Continued from Page 196).

This much seemed necessary to give the reader even a faint picture of the scene and actors in the quiet drama in which we are to make the young Salieri our principal character—and to whom we now come back.

Gassmann, who had been called to Vienna as ballet composer in 1762, had become quite a favorite of the young Emperor, had been appointed chamber composer, and three times a week was one of those who aided in the private concerts above described. Joseph learned in some manner, soon after the return of the composer from Venice, that he had brought a very promising youth with him, and expressed a desire to see him. Gassmann, of course, took his pupil to the palace, where he was very kindly received by the Emperor, who addressed him with: "Ah, good morning, how are you pleased with Vienna?"

Salieri, frightened, embarrassed, and accustomed in Venice to the title of Excellency, replied: "Well, your Excellency!" and instantly added by way of correcting his mistake: "Extraordinarily well, your Majesty!" Some of the musicians of the chapel laughed at the boy's embarrassment and simplicity: but Joseph went on asking him about his home, his family and so on, and Anton, having fully recovered himself, answered all questions with great discretion, and embraced the opportunity to express to the Emperor his gratitude toward Gassmann, who was of course present, and whom he represented as his benefactor and second father. Joseph then required him to sing and play something from memory, which he did quite to the satisfaction of the monarch. Now began the ordinary chamber concert, of which the music that day happened to be vocal pieces from Hasse's opera "*Alcide al bivio*." Salieri sang not only the alto in the choruses, but several solos with ease and correctness at sight from the score. This pleased Joseph much, and he ordered Gassmann always in future to bring his pupil with him; this he did, and so began Salieri's service at the Imperial Court, never to be interrupted so long as his powers lasted.

As a practical school, one in which the youth should learn the application of theoretical rules and forms, which at home he had studied in books and scores, Gassmann took his pupil regularly to the theatre. The master directed a new piece but three times, after which Salieri was put at the spinnet or harpsichord—for in the theatre the piano-forte as yet was not, nor had the old mode of directing from a keyed instrument (kept up in the London Philharmonic concerts long after it had disappeared almost everywhere else) given way to the only true one—since the growth of the modern orchestra—that of a conductor, with his baton, standing or seated, elevated above his forces.

Of the mass of anecdotes and reminiscences which Salieri wrote down in his latter years Mosel has given a few at length, which are characteristic both of the man—as a youth engaging in adventures and frolics, and as the old man recalling them to mind with evident satisfaction—and of the scenes in which he lived; they are therefore worth repeating.

On one of the first three evenings of some new piece, the music of which pleased him as little as it did the public, instead of remaining in his place in the pit, to listen to the musical effects—as Gassmann demanded of him—he gave way to a desire to go upon the stage. He found the machinists at work behind a drop curtain preparing the table for a grand supper to come off in the next scene. Their work was done, but the youth stopped a moment to look at the *papier maché* pastries, capons, &c.,—when—*potz tausend!*—the prompter's whistle for change of scene sent up the curtain, and, not to be seen crossing the stage by all the people, and still worse, by his master, the poor boy had to pop under the table—a movement executed without being seen. Now came the actors and seated themselves singing at the table to feast upon their *papier maché*. There was plenty of room for Anton to remain without touching any one, and, as the scene closed the act, he was comparatively unconcerned, thinking himself safe enough from being discovered by any one, save perhaps a machinist or two. But one of the supperless supper eaters must needs drop his napkin, and stooping to pick it up must needs see something black in the darkness caused by the low hanging tablecloth; and must needs take that something black to be a great dog—and must needs at a pause in the music tell his neighbor of the discovery,—and his neighbor must needs pass the news along, so that in two minutes the four men and four women at table must needs all know about the great black dog, and one of the women must needs be terribly afraid of cats and dogs,—and she must needs spring up with a shriek,—and the small audience must needs have a great laugh—and poor Anton is there half dead with anxiety and fright—all because an actor happened to drop his napkin. However, the music went on, the dog was found to be a young man, the frightened songstress was relieved, and sat down again, laughing, to the *papier maché*, and so the act came to a close.

No sooner was the curtain down than Salieri sprang out, and amid a shout of laughter explained the matter, beseeching the actors not to tell his master, who, as he knew, would soon be upon the stage, and hurried off to his place in the pit. Spite of Anton's prayers Gassmann was told the story immediately. At the close of the play he went into the pit as usual to get his pupil, but said not a word about the affair. Nor at supper, nor afterwards, and the poor fellow went to bed with a lightened heart. Nor at breakfast, and Anton's terrible anxiety was relieved. Nor at dinner, to which Gassmann had invited two friends, was a hint at the great black dog. Before leaving the table an Italian coachman (*vetturino*) entered, and said that he had been told the master wished to speak with him. "I have sent for you," answered Gassmann, "to learn whether you are going back soon to Italy, as I am going to send that boy, there, home again." Pale and frightened, Anton sprang up and told the whole story, half-crying, half in fun. Neither Gassmann nor his friends could keep sober faces, and the boy was forgiven, with the proviso of stricter obedience in the future. The boy promised and kept his promise. He learned afterwards that the scene with the *Vetturino* had been planned beforehand by his master; but even that did not efface the memory of his terrible fright.

To the death of Gassmann, January 22, 1774, Salieri never received any regular salary for his services, either in the Emperor's private concerts or in the theatre; but Joseph made him a present every New Year's Day, on the first one of fifty, on the others of eighty ducats—the ducat being almost exactly 250 dols. Considering what in those days a ducat would buy in Vienna, then an exceedingly cheap place to live in, the present was munificent. Anton always placed the money in his master's hands, who religiously used it for the youth's benefit, in the purchase of clothes and the payment of his other teachers.*

In the large house joining and belonging to the Michael church opposite the Burg theatre, and up four flights of stairs, lived the family Martinez, with whom Metastasio, the poet, lodged. The father, a Neapolitan by birth, Spanish by descent, was now dead; the son an assistant librarian in the Imperial Library; the daughter, Metastasio's celebrated pupil, was the young lady at whose music lessons under Porpora, some fifteen or twenty years before, young Joseph Haydn came down from his garret overhead to play the spinnet or harpsichord.

Miss Martinez played an important part in the musical social life of Vienna for many a year. Thither Gassmann took Anton and introduced him to Metastasio. Every Sunday morning he was there, both for the benefit to be derived from the conversation of the old poet—the most famous perhaps, except Voltaire, then living—and to make the acquaintance of the distinguished literary, scientific, and artistic men, as well as others notable only for rank, who honored his Sunday receptions from 9 to 12 a.m. Young Salieri soon became welcome at other times and seasons, and especially evenings, when his aid was gladly accepted in the musical performances of the family; often when they were alone, Metastasio had him read entire scenes from his works dramatically, "which," says Salieri, "was for me an excellent school in declamation—a school, which, in the opinion of Metastasio, is an indispensable necessity to any one who will really cultivate a talent for musical vocal composition."

In those days it was thought necessary to have an education as well as genius; to develop talent as well as possess it; to have the taste refined by an acquaintance with literature and the sister arts, as well as by a knowledge of the great productions in its immediate sphere; and to have the rules of harmony and counterpoint so thoroughly mastered, that the composer no more thought about them when at work than I do of Murray's Grammar and Whately's Rhetoric while scratching off this sentence. To his acquaintance with Metastasio, and the instruction in declamation thus gained was due, in great measure, the great perfection of Salieri's works in echoing the sense of his texts in his music; their real dramatic excellence—a quality so distinguishing them that he, the author, was far down into our own century the great teacher of dramatic composition in Vienna, as Albrechtsberger was of the theory of music.

(To be continued.)

* Joseph Haydn had a story of his master Reutter, music-director of St. Stephen's, of another color. Time, Nov. 14, 1748; place, Kloster Neuburg, a few miles above Vienna on the Danube; occasion, festival of St. Leopold, at which the Empress Maria Theresa and her husband Francis were present. Haydn's voice—he had long been leading soprano in the Stephen's choir—was breaking, and the Empress had recently said to Reutter: "Joseph Haydn no longer sings, he croaks." The director had consequently to select another boy for the solos, and Michael Haydn, younger brother of Joseph, was selected, who sang a *Salve Regina* so exquisitely that the Empress and her husband gave him each 12 ducats. "Michael," asked Reutter, "what will you do with so much money?" The boy thought a moment. "Our father has just lost a beast. I will send him 12 ducats, and beg you to take care of the rest for me until my voice also breaks." Reutter took such excellent care of the money, that Michael never saw it again.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH CONCERT,
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 9, 1864.
FOR THE BENEFIT OF

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, for two Violins, Viola and Violoncello (repeated by desire)—MM. SIVORI, L. RIES, H. WEBB and PIATTI	Mozart.
SONG, "In my wild mountain valley"—Miss BANKS	
SONG, "Sing, maiden, sing"—Mr. SIMS REEVES	W. S. BENNETT
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3, for Pianoforte alone—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD	BEETHOVEN.

PART II.

QUARTET, in B minor, for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, Signor SIVORI, Mr. H. WEBB and Signor PIATTI	MENDELSSOHN.
SONG, "Adelaide"—Mr. SIMS REEVES (accompanied by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD)	BEETHOVEN.
SONG, "Zuleika"—Miss BANKS	MENDELSSOHN.
SONATA, in G, Op. 30, for Pianoforte and Violin—Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor SIVORI	BEETHOVEN.

Conductor—MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any two of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. To be had of Mr. AUSTIN, at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly; MESSRS. CHAPPELL & CO., 50 New Bond Street, &c., &c.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—On Monday Evening, May 30, Herr ERNST'S CONCERT, for the introduction of a new Quartet, and other recent Compositions, by Herr ERNST, Pianoforte, Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Mr. CHARLES HALLÉ; Violin, Herr JOACHIM; Violoncello, Signor PIATTI; Vocalists, Madle. BETTELHEIM and Mr. SANTLEY, &c. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT. Further particulars immediately. Sofa Stalls, 21s. and 10s. 6d., may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and of Herr ERNST, 21 Holles Street.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL (ST. JAMES'S HALL), Friday Afternoon, May 6th. To commence at Three o'clock. Programme.—Sonata, in F major, No. 18 of Hallé's Edition (first time), Mozart; Harpsichord Lessons, in G, D, and A (first time), Scarlatti; Thirty-two Variations on an original Air, in C minor, Op. 36, Beethoven; Grand Sonata, in D major, Op. 53 (first time), Schubert; "Nuits Blanches," Op. 82, No. 15 in F, and No. 18, in G minor (first time), Heller; Momento Capriccioso, in B flat, Op. 12 (first time), Weber; Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2, and Tarantella in A flat, Op. 45 (first time), Chopin. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 3s.; at Chappell and Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; Cramer and Co.'s, Regent Street; and at the Hall, 28 Piccadilly.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO'S., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

WE have received a pamphlet describing, under the rather formidable title of "The Electro-Magnetic Phonograph," a mechanical contrivance which is, at the least, curious, and may, occasionally, be of much service to musicians. Its inventor is Mr. J. Beverley Fenby, of Wor-

ester; and its office is to write down, in an easily decipable character, any music that may be played on the pianoforte, or other similar instrument.

The idea is by no means new. The pamphlet before us, indeed, refers to an attempt of the kind as far back as the year 1747, when a clergyman named Creed read a paper to the Society of Arts entitled "A demonstration of the possibility of making a machine that will write extempore voluntaries, or other pieces of music, &c." But without going to so distant a date, we could easily refer to several similar projects, and two, indeed, of quite recent origin. All have been described as machines, of more or less complexity, which could be attached to any pianoforte, and, when properly adjusted, would truly record any kind of music, grave or gay, strict or fantastic, that came from the performer's fingers. It does not appear that any of these inventions have completely succeeded, or if they have, their expense and the trouble attending their use have forbidden their general introduction. At all events we believe that, up to this time, no such thing could be found except in the *sanctum* of its constructor, or some museum of curiosities. Mr. Fenby, however, announces that the machine he has completed is not only perfect at every point of musical transcription, but is also not very costly, not liable to derangement, not troublesome to manage, and not difficult of application to any pianoforte. He asserts the entire success of his invention, and is desirous of its being inspected and tested in any practical manner.

The leading principle in all these machines is the same, and necessarily simple and obvious. In some a revolving cylinder covered with paper,—in others, a long strip of paper, or other flexible material unrolled from a drum, and previously marked longitudinally with divisions representing the *places* of the notes, is made to receive marks from pencils operated on by the keys of the pianoforte. Thus, broadly, the *pitch* of the notes played would be shown by the places of the marks on the paper, while their *lengths* would be equally apparent in the durations of the pencils' contact. A sort of rough short-hand of dots and strokes would thus be produced, which, with some trouble and considerable insight of the rhythmic possibilities of "unbarred music," might be interpreted and transferred to the ordinary kind of music-paper. To leave out of sight, at present, the difficulties of varieties in time and barring, the great vice of all these contrivances was that the performer's fingers had, in reality, to suffer the labor of bringing and keeping the marking pencils in contact with the paper. He was dancing a hornpipe in fetters;—or, in plainer language, he was playing on an instrument with an impractically bad touch. This difficulty Mr. Fenby has very ingeniously obviated by the use of the voltaic battery. In his apparatus, each key has merely the duty—(quite imperceptible to the player)—of making and breaking the voltaic circuit, and, this explained, the details by which each marking pencil is magnetically carried to and from the paper will be readily surmised by any one at all familiar with telegraphic contrivances. But this relieving of the player's fingers of all unnecessary toil, is by no means the only improvement which Mr. Fenby has made on the devices of his predecessors. Premising that he employs a narrow slip of paper continuously uncoiled from a cylinder, he groups his pencils so closely together that their marks fall nearly within the width of the ordinary music-stave, while as the lines of this stave are ruled simultaneously with the action of the pencils, and the duration of the marks have the proportionate lengths of minims, crotchets, quavers, &c., the

music so written can—as shown by a specimen-engraving—be read with the utmost facility.

One great difficulty, however, remains unexplained. Mr. Fenby, indeed, states that his apparatus will not only automatically allow for every *rallentando* or *accelerando* the player may make, but will also bar the music correctly notwithstanding;—but he does not explain *how* this is accomplished. The slip of paper must be continuously moved at a fixed speed by some description of clock-work, and this being so, and while “bars” are left out of sight, any varieties in the performer’s time would be apparent enough in the irregularly varied lengths of the marks. But the moment “barring” is introduced, it would seem that the player must be bound down to mechanical strictness of time if he would have his music intelligibly recorded. The barring must be effected by the same clock-work that moves the paper; and as machinery cannot be expected to take account of any rhythmic vagaries the performer may indulge, it seems certain that the barring operation will be performed with much more regard for exact measurement than for musical expression. Perhaps, however, all this can be satisfactorily explained.

The use of such a machine scarcely needs pointing out. Although composers are not in the habit of depending on the pianoforte for the development of their ideas, there are, unquestionably, with all, many intervals of repose from the pen when the “solace of the keys” is sought as a variety—even as a luxury. Often at such times lovely and all-worthy thoughts are given to no ear besides their creator’s. They are “struck hot from the brain,” and then lost, perhaps for ever. If Mr. Fenby’s contrivance could be effectively applied to reclaiming some of these waifs and strays of genius, he would, in that behalf alone, deserve the thanks of the world; while there are a plenty of other, and merely amusing uses, to which he might turn both it and his own claims as inventor to more substantial profit.

But if this “Electro-magnetic Phonograph” is to remain at Worcester, it will be little else than a myth to the general public, who, in the end, will have to pay its contriver, if he be paid at all. Mr. Fenby must pack up his machinery and come with it to London. Here alone it can be properly exhibited, properly tested, and properly valued.

OTTO BEARD.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—In a recent number of your contemporary, the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, there is a very interesting notice of a lecture, which under the title of *Music and the Public*, was delivered, at the request of the Volunteer Association of Cologne, and for the benefit of the veterans of 1813-1815, by Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The theme selected by the celebrated composer, and discussed by him in his clever and animated style, deserved, as he says, a thorough and searching course of examination, having for its subject “civilised nations in their relation to music both at the principal periods of their historical development and at the present time.” An earnest desire to institute such a course, and the persuasion of a large number of friends are the principal reasons which have induced Herr Ferdinand Hiller to give his lecture to the world. It contains instructive observations and suggestions, not, perhaps, always treated in a purely objective spirit, but the more attractive from the very fact of a musician with Hiller’s position in the artistic world expressing through their means *his own* views of the relation of the public to

art. On perusing his opinions of the German public, opinions certainly exhibiting a large amount of truth, the German reader will, however, make many a note of interrogation on the margin, especially where the German people are reproached with partiality for show-opera, which class of spectacular entertainment—the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung* insists—arose in Paris, and still asserts its sway there; or, where fault is found with the German public for want of a patriotic interest in their artists—such an interest as may continually serve as incentive to fresh creations; while the aristocracy of no nation ever did more in this respect—according to the same authority—than the Austrian aristocracy did for Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. And how—your contemporary inquires—do matters stand in France with the *eighty-four composers* who recently signed the address to the Emperor? “How many of these are assisted or supported by a patriotic interest in art?” Berlioz, for instance, and others, whom the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*—apprehending, possibly, the wrath of M. Gounod and tail (MM. Reyer, Georges, Bizet, &c.)—declines to name! As, however, Herr Ferdinand Hiller’s pamphlet will shortly be in everybody’s hands, I prefer, at present—instead of indulging in further observations of my own—to quote a remarkable passage, the information conveyed by which is the result of a very close and sagacious scrutiny of those idiosyncrasies that peculiarise the Italian public. After perusing this fragment, everyone of your readers will be anxious to read the entire work.

GROKER ROORES.

Eselhof-Mülhause, April 25.

MR. DEACON’S MATINEES OF CLASSICAL INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—The first of a series of three entertainments under the above name was given at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday evening. The programme comprised Mendelssohn’s quintet in B flat., Op. 87, for two violins, two violas and violoncello; Schumann’s quartet in E flat, Op. 47, for violin, viola, violoncello and pianoforte; Beethoven’s sonata for pianoforte, solus, in D, Op. 10, No. 3; Mozart’s sonata, for violin and pianoforte, in D, No. 10; and Mendelssohn’s *Lieder Ohne Worte*, Book 1, No. 6; Book 4, Nos. 2 and 3; and Book 6, No. 3. Mr. Deacon was assisted by M. Sainton, Herr Pollitzer, Mr. H. Webb, Mr. Clementi and Signor Pezze, which five eminent masters of the “strings” executed Mendelssohn’s quintet most admirably. In Schumann’s quartet Mr. Deacon sustained the pianoforte part, and having M. Sainton to his fiddle, Mr. H. Webb for his tenor, and Signor Pezze for his cello, the piece went *à merveille*. Mozart’s sonata for violin and pianoforte, by M. Sainton and Mr. Deacon, was another capital performance and warmly applauded by the audience. Most liked of the *Lieder* of Mendelssohn was No. 2, of Book 4, which was played in first-rate style by Mr. Deacon. Beethoven’s sonata was also a capital performance by the pianist. Miss Marian Moss, the talented pupil of Madame Sainton Dolby, was the singer, and gave the recitative and aria, “Zefiretti Lusinghieri,” from *Idomeneo*, and Spohr’s “Bird and Maiden.” Both airs were sung well, the latter especially, which seems best adapted to the young lady’s voice and sentiment, and was further recommended by the perfect violin *obbligato* playing of M. Sainton. There was a very good attendance, mostly fashionable.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The event of the last concert was the return of the Emperor of the violoncello, Alfredo Piatti, who, besides playing quartets by Mozart and Beethoven, introduced as solo one of the favorite sonatas of Boccherini (Mr. Benedict at the piano), at the end of which the unequalled *virtuoso* was called back with rapture to the platform. The pianist was Mr. Hallé, who played a solo sonata by Beethoven, and, with Signor Sivori, a violin sonata by the same composer. The singers were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, and Mr. Cummings. The hall was crammed. Full particulars in our next, from the pen of Mr. Disley Peters (whose article reached us too late for insertion in the present number).

NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At Dr. Wylde’s second concert the gorgeous symphony of Schubert, in C major, was performed with marked success. Full particulars in our next.

SIGNOR TAMBERLIK.—The engagement of Signor Tamberlik at the Royal Italian Opera, this season, is for one month only.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, April 28.

The *rentrée* of the Russian *danseuse*, Mdlle. de Mourawieff, with the *reprise* of *Giselle*, has been the event of the week at the Imperial Opera. The lady's success was great and the general impression was that she had improved in style since last year. Opinions as to her real merits are various. There is no doubt that she will not bear comparison in certain qualities with Mdlle. Zina Richard or Mdlle. Boschetti. She has, nevertheless, powers and recommendations of her own, which will always render her dancing attractive. Some of her *tours de force* are not to be equalled, and what she does is perfect. Those who look for poetry, feminine delicacy and ethereal grace, will look in vain. Mdlle. Mourawieff is an exponent of the purely physical school, like Fanny Cerito, but yet is not a Fanny Cerito. I am ill at describing dancers, and must entreat your readers to spare me on this point. I trust they may understand that I think highly of the Russian artist without thinking most highly of her. There are degrees in dancing, as well as in singing and acting. I was delighted with the ballet, and kept seeing Carlotta Grisi (through the Mourawieff) during the performance. Can you tell me a greater impossibility than the forgetting Carlotta Grisi, having seen her in *Giselle*? Surely Adolphe Adam must have been inspired once in his life.

The performance at the Italiens, on behalf of the Society of Convalescent Children, brought the enormous receipt of 25,000 francs. All the rank and fashion of Paris seemed present. The most interesting part of the entertainment, which was made up of selections from different operas, was the third act of *Faust*—with Mdlle. Patti as Marguerite, Madame Meric-Lablache as Siebel, M. Morini, from the Théâtre-Lyrique, as Faust, and Signor Agnesi as Mephistopheles. The new Marguerite delighted all who saw and heard her, and it was the universal feeling that she would surpass as actress and singer all who have hitherto attempted the part. This is good news for Mr. Gye. The *Italiana in Algeri* has been produced, but failed signally. Signor Scalese was excellent in the character of Taddeo, and Signors Bettini and Agnesi were tolerable in Lindoro and Mustafa. The "Sisters Marchisio" proved themselves thorough artists—as they had done previously in *La Cenerentola*—by accepting two small parts in the cast, whereby the concerted music was greatly benefitted, and an enthusiastic encore fell to the septuor in the second act.

Postscript.—As a pendant to the sensation created at Patti's benefit, allow me to mention what occurred to the young artist, on Sunday week, when she was playing in the *Barbiere*. No sooner had she appeared on the stage than some individual commenced throwing bouquets to her, one after another, and for such a length of time that at last the audience began to laugh. To some half-dozen of these bouquets were attached jewellry of great value, necklaces, bracelets, set in pearls and diamonds, while suspended from each object was a small medallion with a portrait, apparently that of the stranger who expressed his enthusiasm in so marked and novel a manner. Of course Mdlle. Patti would not accept presents of such rare value given in so extraordinary a manner, and the day after the performance her father took the bouquets and deposited them in the keeping of M. Bagier. Among the telegrams despatched from the Salle Ventadour to the Opera, on the occasion of Mdlle. Patti's benefit, on Wednesday, no notice was taken of the extraordinary quantity of bouquets thrown on the stage. I have heard that the number amounted to no less than one hundred and eight. At all events, I know that they had to send her carriage three times to the theatre to carry them all away.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Lucrezia Borgia was given for the second time on Saturday.

On Tuesday, for a novelty, we had *Norma*, the most remarkable feature in the performance of which was the most remarkable feature of the performance last season; viz., the Norma of Tietjens, whose voice just now is in remarkably fine condition. A new tenor played Pollio. This new tenor, Malvezzi by name, is an old tenor. There was a complaint about Varese, the old baritone, coming too late; there will, probably, be another about the old tenor, Malvezzi, coming too soon. Nevertheless, Giuglini, the ageless tenor, tele-

graphed him from St. Petersburg. Marcello Junca, who was cast for Oroveso, was formerly of the Lyrique, in Paris; then of divers Italian cities; thirdly of America, north and south; fourthly, not lastly, he is secured as first bass at H. M. T., and so was cast for Oroveso, into which he casts, with great vehemence, his individuality. The Adalgisa was Fraulein Liebhardt, whose Proconsular passion was carefully blended with the druidical reverence for the elder Priestess, on whose Proconsular proclivities it is unnecessary to dwell. Of Flavio, Clotilde, and the druidkins, there may possibly, if not probably, be another occasion to speak.

On Thursday *Martha* was repeated, and *Falstaff* postponed. To-night *Falstaff* will be postponed, and *Il Trovatore* repeated. On Tuesday, *Falstaff*, absolutely.

BUTCHER BAKER.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Un Ballo in Maschera was revived on Saturday—and a pleasant revival it was. If Signor Graziani, in the serious part of Renato, exhibits a dramatic talent about on a par with that of his elaborately-anxious predecessor "Of the Seats;" and if, on the other hand, he replaces that predecessor's long-winded phrasing and intensely-tenacious cadence-prolonging, by an occasional tasteless style of ornamentation and general want of expression; the oily richness of his voice—though limited in range, in quality peerless—and a happy method of ejecting tone, stand him in excellent stead; and on the whole Signor Graziani may be preferred to Signor Delle-Sedie. The popular *cantabile* in the fourth act, though encored as it used to be with the other, occupies, as nearly as possible, half the time in delivery; so that, in fair play, Signor Graziani should sing it four times, in lieu of twice. Happily he does not. Madame Lagrua's Amalia is lady-like, artistic, and, both in a musical and a dramatic sense, intelligent. Being indisposed, however, on Saturday, she was unable to express to the full all that was within her, and so, for the present, may be left for future consideration. Signor Mario's Riccardo was an answer in advance to the column of criticism in the *Morning Post* of Monday—foiling every argument and upsetting every position of the eloquent but over-wary writer; even unto the mythic "high A" (for which, read Highgate). Despite physical deficiencies that no one disputed, passages omitted here and there, which no one missed—seeing that Mr. Costa took good care that they should be supplied in the orchestra—despite these and despite those, Signor Mario once more triumphantly proved himself the "model tenor," but that's between him and the *Post*. As for his acting, it was Elliston and Charles Kemble, revived and fused into one, moving, gesticulating, and physiognomobilising under a halo of Italian grace and in an atmosphere of Italian warmth. Let the *Post* answer that—score it, if he likes. The quintet, "E scherzo od è follia," was encored with rapture. Mdlle. Marie Battu executed the music of Oscar both with taste and fluency; and, were she a mistress of physiognomobilisation, as Signor Mario is a master, would act the part well in the bargain. Her arms, her legs, her body, &c., are full of life; but her head is motionless, and her countenance impulsive, as though it were chiselled in marble, by a chiseller ficient in outline but deficient in expression. Mdlle. Battu should learn English, read *Muttoniana*, and practice the "Laughing Song" immediately after perusal of a column. Mdlle. Tati, a contralto new to England, who played Ulrica, the Sorceress, is a contralto new to England. Whether it be her destiny to put aside Mdlle. Destinn—or, on the contrary, to be put aside by Mdlle. Destinn—is doubtless written in the book of Destin(n)y. The conspirators were personified by MM. Tagliafico and Capponi. Mr. Gye never had in his company a greater thief and cut-throat than Signor Tagliafico; and, by his hangdog look, Signor Capponi would seem to nourish an inward desire of emulating him. In the Masquerade scene Mdlle. Salvioni, as usual, danced with the grace and nimbleness of a Salvioni. Her *tarantella* was the very essence of — n'importe. The general execution, both choral and instrumental, of Verdi's sparkling opera, on Saturday night, was less perfect than ordinary; but on Tuesday, when, in consequence of Mdlle. Lagrua's indisposition, Mdlle. Fricci essayed the part of Amalia, and when Signor Mario was even better than on Saturday (Madame Grisi was in front), it was as admirable as ever.

On Monday (another of those tormenting extra nights) *Guillaume Tell*; on Thursday, the *Favorita*; and to-night we are promised, with a new cast, *Le Prophète*.

BAKER BUTCHER.

MUTTONIANA.

The following important communication has been forwarded to Mr. Ap'Mutton's quarters, by an obliging *Chargé d'affaires*:-

The Mediatized Princes and Counts present their combined homage, and beg to instruct Mr. Owain Ap'Mutton that an unanimous resolution was passed at a recent conference to invest him with the badge of the Long-eared Zebra, and also to present him with the clasp and ribband of the Three-tailed Bicorn, of both which orders he has henceforth the privilege to consider himself Chevalier.

FURSTENBURG.
HOHENLOE-WALDENBURG.
HOHENLOE-SCHILLINGSFURST.
ISENBURG-BUDINGEN.
LOWENSTEIN-FREUDENBURG.
LOWESTEIN-SCHONEBEG.
WINDISCHGRATZ.
HOHENLOE-LANGENBURG.
LOWENSTEIN-WERTHEIM.
KARL VON ISENBURG-BIRNSTEIN.
SCHONBERG-WALDENBURG.
STOLBERG-WERNIGEBODE.
SOLMS-BRAUNFELS.
SOLMS-LICH.
STOLBERG-KOSSLA.
ERBACH-FURSTENAU.

ISENBURG-PHILIPSEICH.
ISENBURG-WACHTERSBACH.
ISENBURG-MEERHOLZ.
SOLMS-LAUBACH.
PUDLER-LIMBURG.
QUADT-ISNY.
ZU CASTELL.
FUGGER OF AUGSBURG.
FUGGER OF MUNICH.
PAPPENHEIM.
SCHONEBEG-WIESENTHED.
LIMBURG-STYRUM.
BENTHEIM-STEINFURT.
SCHASBERG.
ORTENBERG-COBURG.
RECHTEREN-LIMBURG.
RECHBERG-ROTHENLOWEN.

Römer Palace, Frankfort-on-the-Main, April 1, 1864.

Feathered bipeds of advanced age are not to be entrapped by the outer husks of corn. The Chevalier Ap'Mutton (a Heaven-made Chevalier) is by no means insensible to the distinguished honour thus conferred on him by the Mediatized Princes and Counts, on the 1st of April, A.D. 1864; but would rather said conference, at which said resolution was unanimously adopted, by said Mediatized, had been held on some other day than said first of April. Also, Mr. Ap'M. has been inquiring whether any *honorarium* was attached, either to "badge" or "clasp and ribband;" and—the answer was not satisfactory. Under the circumstances, therefore, he is forced, à rebrousse poils, to decline the honor.

With fear and trembling Mr. Ap'Mutton unhooks his wire of standovers! What shall he print?—what basket?—that is the question. Here is a sly poke at Mr. Pipe, which Mr. Ap'M. cannot find it in his liver to eject:—

Mr. AP'MUTTON.—Sir,—"Itaque omnibus expeditius videbatur." Will you inform me if it be true that Mr. Rippington Pipe translated the foregoing slice from a sentence in Quintus Curtius, thus: "I take an expeditious omnibus to whibbait" (dinner understood)?

Your obedient servant, ANTIPATER.

Mr. Ap'M is at his wit's end. He has also been asked who was Bagophanes—whether, indeed, Bagophanes belonged to the "magna pars Babyloniorum," which "constiterat in muris, avida cognoscendi novum regem," or to the "plures," which "obviam egressi sunt?" Mr. Ap'M. would have applied to Mr. Horace Mayhew; but his eye fell accidentally and, queer to add, occidentally, on the beside:—"Inter quos Bagophanes," &c. The eye thus falling occidentally, its owner fell incontinent into a brown study, and neither self nor eye being hurt, Mr. Ap'M. staightway fell on one side, and, lastly, on sleep. This is what he has to offer for the enlightenment of "Antipater"—who should be rechristened Antipipe.

BANTING v. BELLY.

Mr. AP'MUTTON.—Sir—I have been advised to try Mr. Banting's system for the reduction of my circumference. I would not, however, make an experiment so hazardous to the welfare of animal philosophy without the sanction of a man whose omniscience is now the subject of remark in the musical world. What, Sir, do you think of Banting? They say his object is to destroy the lives of happy stout people, that he may afterwards reap the profit of burying them in spacious and expensive coffins. I can hardly credit this theory, but having acute confidence in human nature I have determined in the event of becoming a Bantingite (with your approval) to give orders that my obsequies shall be performed by an undertaker who is not the author of a treatise for the preservation of the lives of his customers.

Your obedient servant, THOMAS SLATE.

After unwiring and perusing the above, Mr. Ap'M. felt strongly moved to basket it; but remembering that Sir John Falstaff, from

whom a great-grand aunt of his (by the maternal side) was interlinearly descended, came into the world "with a white pate and somewhat of a round belly" (Mr. Ap'M. quotes from memory), and also remembering that until Mr. Ap'M. underwent the cure, at the Dredge near Denbye Sluice, he himself inclined (though disinclined) to corpulence (not to assert adiposity), he thought better of it. Mr. Ap'M. recommends vinegar posset; although, truly enough, Van Helmont declares that the outward water is produced out of the universal night-light; and further, that, as the heat of the sun goes through all bodies, so the outbirth of the sun (in the lower waters) is an oil—a theory which Mr. Ap'M. will not stop to discuss for the benefit of Mr. Slate.

MONSIEUR.—Est-ce vrai, ou non vrai, que la Tietjens recueille dans ses pérégrinations autant d'argent que de gloire? M. Mapleson—dit on—son directeur, l'habile impresario du théâtre de la Reine, n'a pas demandé—dit on—moins de 18,000,000 livres pour les six représentations que sa pensionnaire a données à Hambourg. A Naples, dit on—les vingt représentations étaient convenues—dit on—au prix de 38,000,000 livres. Enfin, dit on—Mdme. Tietjens est réengagée par M. Mapleson, moyennant, dit on—720,000,000 livres, pour trois ans. Voilà, certes, des chiffres éloquents, et qui sonnent mieux que les phrases les plus élogieuses. Mais, en definitif, est ce vrai, ou non vrai?

Votre dévoué serviteur, RICHARD QUEUE-DE-LION.

l'otel des Eaux Mediocres, Elboeuf, ce 25 Avril.

"Dit on"—"dit on"—"dit on!" Monsieur d'Ap'Mutton n'en sait rien (dit on). Il voudrait bien lui-même toucher des chiffres moins considérables. Richard Queue-de-Lion—dit on—serait plutôt Richard Queue-d'Ane.

SIGISMOND THALBERG.

DEAR SIR.—If you will look in No. 4 of the *Musical World*, under the head of *Muttoniana*, you will see my three questions respecting Monsieur Thalberg, printed there, with your promise to answer them positively the following week. The three questions were, as nearly as I can recollect, for I have lost that paper (No. 4), as follows:—1. "What countryman is M. Thalberg?" 2. "Where is the best and latest photograph to be obtained of M. Thalberg?" 3. "Who is the publisher of M. Thalberg's Study in repeated notes?" I should also be glad to know if you can tell me to whom M. Thalberg was married. I should have written before, but did not receive the paper for the 12th of March until the 1st of April. An answer to my questions in your next paper will oblige me very much, I am, Sir, Your's truly, Musica.

M. Thalberg married the eldest daughter of the late Signor Lablache; his "best" photograph may not be his "latest," nor his "latest" his "best;" his "Study in Repeated Notes" (if the one in A minor be meant), is haveable at Cramer's; and, not being a "countryman," he was born either at Vienna or some other town elsewhere. It is pity that "Musica" did not receive *Muttoniana* of March 12 until April 1. What became of March 19, and March 26—both of extreme importance?

DEAR SIR.—Can you kindly give me any information as to where I can obtain "Siegtritt's (or Sigismund's) Love Song," from the *Walküre*, by R. Wagner; is it published separately? Also, Wotan's "Abschied und Feuerzauber." If you can tell me how to obtain them, you will much oblige, yours truly,

W. A.

P.S.—Perhaps Mr. Dishley Peters can give me some information respecting them, an account of them having appeared in one of his articles in the *Musical World* for March 5th, No. 10, Vol. 43.

Mr. Ap'M. is ignorant whether these pieces are published "separately," but the operas in which they occur are haveable at the music-warehouse of Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig. Mr. Dishley Peters has returned to Tadcaster (Service Tree and Sable). Next week he will be absent on a yachting expedition, with Messrs. Lavender Pitt and Coventry Fish; otherwise he would reply incontinent to an article in the *Morning Post*, touching "the model tenor." When Mr. D. P. will return, Mr. Ap'M. is powerless to say; sooner or later, he imagines.

MR. AP'MUTTON.—Sir.—The columns of one of your contemporaries contain intelligence of the proceedings of the English Opera Association calculated to excite the highest expectations in regard to the ensuing season. We are told, that in addition to the actual engagements of Mr. Alfred Mellon, Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Beverley—each, in his way, the very best—offers of engagement have been made to Miss Louisa Pyne, Madames Sherrington and Parepa, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley and Weiss. Would anybody ask for a better nucleus of an English Opera Company? It only remains to choose from amongst our tenors a contralto who shall be suited to such good company, and the manager of our future National Opera need never be at a loss for artistes to fill almost any part. There are those who are not ready to

[April 30, 1864.]

believe that success can attend the attempt about to be made to re-establish English Opera. These say that Miss Pyne and W. Harrison did all that could be done (all that they could do personally, should be said). Everyone knows what the stumbling blocks were, and how differently any manager would be situated who had the command of all the best English artistes. Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison most frequently took the whole weight of supporting an opera on themselves. The opera was one which had been written expressly for these two performers; and although Miss Pyne could sing the chief part in any opera, Mr. Harrison preferred such parts only as were suited to his limited means. Successful then, or unsuccessful, *The Desert Flower*, or *Blanche de Nevers*, must run its appointed time. Suppose the new company should produce an English opera which did not pay; with the artistes named at hand, any one of the operas which Mr. Gye has mounted so splendidly, and which he would allow to be performed, might be represented. *Masanillo*, for instance, with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Sankey in the principal characters, would fill the Theatre for weeks. Who would not go to hear again *Don Quixote*, or *Charles the Second*, or *The Mountain Sylph*? There can be no doubt indeed that under proper management English opera may be made sufficiently attractive to pay, and that if the Directors of the English Opera Association carry out their promises, they will confer a great boon at the same time on our composers and singers, and the public. Your obedient servant,

Hastings, April 19th, 1864.

ROBIN HOOD.

MR. AP'M. is at a loss to understand what Mr. Hood means by choosing "from amongst" (why not among?) "our tenors a *contralto*;" he is also at a loss to guess why Mr. Hood spells the English word "artists" with an *e* in the last syllable—"artistes."

MR. AP'MUTTON, SIR.—During the stop between the 1st and 2nd acts of *Marta*, on Saturday last, I took the opportunity of perusing your column, and wondered who was the gentleman of the orchestra mentioned by Dr. Chidley Piddington. I looked round (taking advantage of forty-bars' rest in a slow movement) to endeavor to discover who this gentleman of Danish proclivities could be; but there is such a Babel mixture of races, each race taking an entirely different view of the Slewig-Holstein quagmire, that I came to the conclusion it would be useless to question a single individual upon so dangerous a subject. Certainly not an Italian, he having an undivided interest in Garibaldi; Rome, and Venetia; decidedly not a German, he being bigotedly interested; and most positively not an Irishman (we have few Greeks in our orchestra), he, at least the modern man, inclining to Fenianism. The Dutch, I think, are non-interested; our own countrymen are peace-inclining, and non-intervening; while the remainder (like your maiden aunt by the maternal side) have feelings "promiscuously, in all three camps." Well, after all this preface, I have arrived at the conclusion that I am the individual alluded to as the "military swell." The "first ophicleide," I may, or may not be; however, if I am the "swell," it may as well be allowed me to make a "personal explanation." I never was a "military swell" (my appearance being against that aspiration); and when a devotee to the shrine of Mars, I was in that division of the army yeleet Coldstreams, and not Grenadier Guards—while in which "nulli secundus" corps I did not play *first ophicleide*, but *solo Euphonion*. Now, let me digress:—You may possibly remember when Mr. G. A. Macfarren composed his *May-day* cantata (I do not). The late Mr. Charles Godfrey invited the clever composer to hear the Coldstream band perform this work, together with other selections of music. Mr. Macfarren was apparently struck with the ponderous tones of the Euphonion, and inquired respecting its capabilities, &c. &c. He then expressed his admiration of the instrument, more particularly as he prophetically foresaw that it would supersede the ophicleide, "which was an instrument he utterly abhorred, an instrument he never wrote for, (see the opera of *Robin Hood*, for instance) and one he never wished to hear." He wound up all this by promising to compose a solo expressly for the performer upon this (then new) instrument; but I suppose (at least I hope) his professional engagements caused his "memory to discard him." Do you think it is Dr. Atheneum's usual practice to sleep during the performance of the opera? On the opening night he was in the stalls, and each time I looked at him his eyes were closed. Perhaps his object was to concentrate the power of seeing into that of hearing; but how do you account for Madlle. Bettleheim, the new contralto, closing her eyes while singing, more especially when she sings in D flat? Is that a "sensible" note?

Yours, foggily, EUPHONION.

Her Majesty's Theatre, 18th April, 1864.

MR. AP'M. is again at his wits' end. To console him, however, Sig. Maggioni—the gifted dramatic poet, or poetic dramatist, of the R. I. O.—has sent to his quarters some patriotic stanzas addressed to that loveable Garibaldi (on the 14th of April):—

AL GENERAL GARIBALDI.

Salve all' amica Albione,
D' Italia primo onor,
Di libertà campione,
Di tutto il mondo amor.

Non di mercato applauso
L' aura scoppia s' ud,
Per Te de' mille il plauso
Puro dal core uscel.

Te riverisce al paro,
La patria e lo stranier,
Tu se' egualmente caro
All' umile e all' alter.

A Te non puo dar vanto
Nè metro, nè scalpel,
Che l' opra tua soltanto
E il tempio tuo più bel.

Tu, senza orgoglio o fregi,
Sol con onesto cor
D' imperator, di regi
Tu se' più grande ancor.

La gloria tua lontana
A lato al sole andrà,
Nè mai per sorte umana
Il nome tuo morrà.

Bravissimo! Mr. Ap'M. has perused each stanza thrice—which constitutes a lecture of eighteen chambers. Luigi Arditi, whose patriotic vein is as blue as his musical, should set them to harmony.

Mr. Lavender Pitt has favoured Mr. Ap'M. with the ensuing piece of news:—

SIGNOR AUGUSTE VIANESI has been appointed—by H.M. The Emperor of Russia—Music Director (Kappelmeister) of the Imperial Theatres. I append the letter of the Minister:—

"MINISTRE DE LA MAISON DE L'EMPEREUR.
Direction Générale des Théâtres Impériaux de Russie.

S. PETROPOULIS, 30 MARS, 1864.
Monsieur,—Sou Excellence monsieur le Ministre de la maison de S. M. l'Empereur de m'informer, que sa Majesté prenant en gracieuse considération le rapport que je lui ai adressé sur vos utiles services auprès de la Direction des Théâtres Impériaux de Moscou, a daigné, en date du 22 de ce mois, vous conférer le titre de maître Directeur (Kappelmeister) des Théâtres Impériaux. En vous faisant part, monsieur, de cette nouvelle preuve d'estime, et de confiance, je vous prie d'en agréer mes sincères félicitations.

COMTE ALEXANDRE BOUCH.

A Monsieur Auguste Vianesi.

Mr. Ap'M. is beholden to Mr. Pitt, but would like to know whether this Sig. Vianesi is the same Sig. Vianesi, or another.

* * * *On the Wire*:—George Grief; Thomas Hatless; Simon Hall; "A Fair Antipant."

In the Basket:—"A Lover of Counterpoint."

King and Beard, Blackchapel, April 29.

OWAIN AP'MUTTON.

MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.—Mr. Ransford gave a concert and dramatic performance at the Princesses theatre on Thursday evening, at which a large audience assembled. The entertainment began with Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, this was followed by a vocal and instrumental concert which united the talents of Mad. Lemmens-Sherington, Miss Poole, Miss Ransford, Mr. Ransford, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mr. George Perren and Mrs. Howard Paul (vocalists), Miss Fynes (pianoforte), and Miss Medora Collins (concertina). Shakespeare's *Katherine* and *Petruchio* succeeded the concert. The brothers Webb were diverting as ever in the two Dromios, Mr. George Vining and Miss Caroline Carson being equally successful in the afterpiece. Among the concert pieces that most pleased the audience were Dibdin's "Tom Tough," given with characteristic vigor by Mr. Ransford, and loudly encored; a new song entitled "Falstaff's song," composed expressly for Mr. Ransford by Mr. J. L. Hatton; "Where the bee sucks," by Miss Poole; "When first the bells," by Mr. G. Perren; "Bonnie Dundee," and "Barnie O'Toole," by Mrs. Howard Paul (both encored); and the variations on "Life let us cherish," (Woelfl's *Ne Plus Ultra*), brilliantly played by Miss Fynes. Cimarosa's *trio*, "My Lady the Countess," sung with infinite spirit by Miss Ransford, Mad. Lemmens and Miss Poole, terminated the concert with *éclat*.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF has returned from Paris, after appearing at M. Pasdeloup's last Concert Populaire in the Cirque Napoleon, where she sang "Oh toi qui ceins la terre" ("Ocean, thou mighty monster") and the air, "I will extol thee," from Mr. Costa's *Eli*—the last in English, with great success. Madame Rudersdorff was unanimously acclaimed after both.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER starts with an operatic party for the provinces today, and opens at Leeds at the Theatre Royal, with his new operetta *The Rival Beauties*. The troupe consists of Misses Emily Spiller and Julia Elton, Messrs. W. H. Cummings, G. F. Marler, and G. A. Patey. The next operetta will be one composed by Mr. Benedict.

MRS. MEREST (late Maria B. Hawes).—This esteemed artist has announced four musical soirées to take place at her residence under very distinguished patronage. A host of vocal and instrumental talent will assist.

HERR REICHARDT, composer of "Thou art so near and yet so far," has arrived in London for the season. Herr Reichardt has been singing in Paris with great success during the winter season.

THE SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY FESTIVAL.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, April 28.

The skies, up to this moment, have been unusually propitious to the solemnization of the great poet. Not a drop of rain has fallen; and, considering that April is the rainiest month of the year, the visitors who throng the town and perambulate the streets in a state of bustle and excitement, have had much to be thankful for. The festival commenced on Saturday, that day, the 23rd, being generally allowed to be the birthday of Shakespeare. As, however, there are some who assert that the real birthday was the 30th, to make assurance doubly sure, it was resolved by the committee that the festival should include both days; and this has been done by extending the period over a whole week, whereby no mistake could be made, and antagonistic parties were conciliated. Considering the greatness of the subject and the rarity of the occasion, the programme is altogether unworthy. In the dramatic performances, in which, above all, Shakespeare should receive his greatest homage, he is least honored. But what could be done without actors, or with actors who prefer the aggrandizement of their little selves to the glorification of the poet? The disagreements and altercations that have occurred between the committee and the performers who should have figured prominently in the entertainments will reflect a lasting disgrace on the profession and will take a long day to drive out of the public mind. The committee, I must say, have been but little to blame, and the mistakes into which they fell would have been easily rectified had the actors cooperated with them, instead of burthening their minds with their own consequence. When the committee had been driven into a corner by the strange defection of Mr. Phelps, the tergiversations of Mr. Fechter, and the caprice of Miss Helen Faucit, they were of course obliged to do the best they could under the circumstances. Good actors not being as plenty as blackberries in autumn, they were fair to get the best they could, and, taking all things into account, they are entitled to praise. That they were more annoyed by Mr. Fechter's conduct than even by that of Mr. Phelps is evident from the announcement that Mr. George Vining had arranged to place *Romeo and Juliet* and *The Comedy of Errors* on the stage. The allusion in this to the refusal of the Frenchman to bring out *Hamlet* at Stratford is couched in anything but complimentary terms; and Mr. Fechter would do well to justify his conduct.

The site selected for the monument is that now occupied by the market-house, where formerly stood—tradition tells—a large cross of rare architecture and beauty, drawings of which may be found in some printed records of the town. Perhaps after all no more appropriate site could have been chosen; though many are of opinion that the metropolis would have been the fittest place. There has been over much cavilling about this question; but, for my part, I cannot see how the erection of a statue at Stratford-on-Avon is to prevent the erection of a statue in London.

Everything is disputed about Shakespeare. The house in Henley Street is stoutly denied, on specious authority, to be the place where he was born. What does it matter? Is not the reverential feeling the same which makes holy any spot that calls up a thought of the poet? The house in Henley Street is supposed to be Shakespeare's house and has been purchased as such by the nation. Let not the spell be broken. Better that Shakespeare should have a supposititious house than no house at all. At all events the public believe in it, and it was an object of intense interest to the strangers on Saturday, who visited it as if they were pilgrims visiting a shrine. The Pavilion erected for the dramatic and musical performances is a polyhedral building lighted at top with a huge lantern. The centre is the pit, or stalls; around these are cheaper seats, and above them the gallery—the prices of admission being 21s., 10s., 6d., and 5s. The interior is tastefully decorated, all the ornaments, of course, having reference to Shakespeare in one way or another, with quotations in abundance from his plays, allegorical figures of Genius and Immortality showing off conspicuously at one end of the stage.

True to our English tastes and customs, the great Commemoration Festival commenced on Saturday with eating. The banquet, or dinner, was held in the Pavilion, and set for three o'clock. The Earl of Carlisle presided. He was supported by the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of St. Andrews, Lord Leigh, Earl of Warwick, Lord Wrottesley, the Hon. F. Byng, the Right Hon. C. Adderly, Gen. Ainslie, Sir C. Mordaunt, Bart., Sir R. Hamilton, the Mayor of Stratford, &c. Thirteen tables were provided, and about 800 ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner. Lord Carlisle, in addition to the Royal toasts, proposed "The Memory of Shakespeare," which was not drank, as in the festivals of 1827 and 1830, in solemn silence, but, as the President put it, "with the reverential love and admiring fervour due to the day and the man"—in other words, with tremendous enthusiasm, the whole 800 rising *en masse*, waving their handkerchiefs and shouting until hands and voices were wearied. Other toasts were

given, among which that of "the Representatives of the Church of England" might have seemed somewhat out of place, if it did not go to prove that Shakespeare was acknowledged a sound Protestant; albeit to my thinking his creed was too universal, his knowledge too enlarged to permit of his belonging to any sect. Sir L. Palk, nevertheless, thought otherwise; and so indeed did the committee in particular, and the company in general, as the collocation of the toast—which came directly after "The Memory of Shakespeare"—and its enthusiastic reception demonstrated. It is gratifying indeed to find the occupants of the pulpits and stage cordially fraternizing. It shows that the dramatic art and religion are not necessarily antagonistic, according to the old belief, and that a man may be in every respect a good christian, while he dons the gabardine for Shylock or blackens his face for Othello. The liberality of the church—the National Church—is a sign of the times not to be mistaken; and it is to be hoped, that after the display at Stratford, the religious denunciations and sectarian animosities at Exeter Hall may no longer be accepted as inspirations or warnings, but permitted to die of their own intolerance and be numbered with the things that have been. Other toasts of various kinds were proposed, to which I need not allude. While the banquet was being discussed, the Church Choir, behind the Chairman, sang some glees and part songs, under the direction of the Organist and Curate—the Rev. W. Morton. A grand display of fireworks, consisting of sixty-three devices, concluding with the "Vision of Shakespeare," took place in the evening on the Warwick-road, under the superintendence of Mr. Darby, and would have been a great success but for Eolus, or Boreas, or both, whose vehement interference spoiled each emblematical display, converting the anticipated fire and brightness into darkness and smoke.

For the Sunday performance, I must refer you to other authorities. I can only inform you that the Archbishop of Dublin preached a sermon in the morning, and the Bishop of St. Andrews, a sermon in the evening, at the Parish Church—the heads of the Irish and Scotch Churches thus doing all the devotional business—which, I must say, looked strange to an English poet in his own country; nor have I the least notion, why His Grace of the Irish capital, or his Lordship of the Scottish University town, should have been selected for this special ministration. The funds arising from the two preachings will be devoted to the restoration of the church where the poet lies buried.

The performance of *The Messiah* on Monday morning was not so great a success as had been calculated. But there were many reasons to account for this. In the first place, the weather was magnificent, and a large majority preferred walking about the town, or in the neighbourhood, to immuring themselves in a close building, even to hear the grandest of all sacred works appropriately executed. Had the oratorio been given in the evening, the attendance would have been double what it was. Besides, it was fair-day, and the festival of St. Mark the Evangelist, as well; and there were shows—Wombwell's Menagerie, and Purchase's Wax Works—to lure from the Pavilion all who had not made up their minds to hear the *Messiah*. Moreover, there were many who did not consider Handel's oratorio *apropos* of the Shakespeare Commemoration, and these, on principle, remained away. Those who did attend the performance enjoyed a real treat. There was only one serious drawback—viz., the non-appearance of Madame Sainton-Dolby, who was prevented coming by illness. Madame Laura Baxter was her substitute. The other singers were Madame Parepa, Messrs. Sims Reeves, George Perren, Santley, and Patey. The band and chorus numbered more than five hundred; and Mr. Alfred Mellon—who, by the way, is a Warwickshire man—conducted. The choir was made up of selections from the London Sacred Harmonic Society, the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Society, the Worcester Festival Choral Society, and the Stratford Choral Choir. All I need say of the performance, is, that the band and chorus could hardly have been surpassed, and that the solo singers were nearly all entitled to the highest praise. Mr. Sims Reeves was in his very best voice, and sang the impressive recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," and the florid air, "Every valley shall be exalted," the one with such splendour of declamation, the other with such thorough mastery of the *bravura* style—the true Handelian *bravura* style—as to create the utmost enthusiasm. This good beginning was followed by a good intermediate, and a better ending; and all were delighted to see the great tenor restored to health, and hear him once more in full possession of his powers. Madame Parepa was admired for the brilliancy of her singing in the whole of the soprano music; and Madame Laura Baxter made a deep impression in "He shall feed His flock," and "Oh! Thou that tellest." Mr. Santley was admirable in all the principal bass part, and created a powerful effect in "The people that walked." The performance, on the whole, was first rate, and if the receipts have not realized expectation, the fund, nevertheless, will be benefited to a considerable extent.

The Miscellaneous Concert in the evening filled the Pavilion in every nook and corner. The announcement that the music would be "associated with the words of Shakespeare" exercised, I have no doubt, a

great attraction. The concert commenced with Macfarren's overture to *Romeo and Juliet*, which was followed by an air from Verdi's *Macbeth*, so well sung by Mr. Santley as to make the audience call for it again. Mr. Santley, however, was non-compliant. Not to cite the whole programme I may say that Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was marvellously well done, that Madame Arabella Goddard created a perfect *furore* in Benedict's *fantasia* on "Where the bee sucks," which being tumultuously encored the fair pianist played "Home, sweet home"—the audience again almost insisting on a repetition; that Mr. Sims Reeves gave the song from *As you like it*, "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind," and the air "Sigh no more, ladies," from *Much Ado About Nothing*, with the utmost refinement of expression, eliciting an enthusiastic encore in both; that Madame Parepa was made to repeat "Bid me discourse." Madame Laura Baxter "She never told her love," and Mr. Santley "Take, oh take those lips away"—the last written expressly for the festival by Mr. Alfred Mellon; and that Beethoven's magnificent overture to *Coriolan* was magnificently executed by the band. The concert, indeed, afforded unqualified delight. It may not be generally known, that all the artists, musical and dramatic, have accorded their services gratuitously to the Festival.

On Tuesday morning an excursion to Charlecote, the house and grounds of which were thrown open to visitors provided with tickets by Mr. H. Spencer Lucy, made part of the week's programme. The connection of the Lucy family with Shakespeare is universally known. Charlecote is a splendid mansion, about four miles from Stratford, and contains a noble collection of paintings and articles of *virtu*, which were inspected with great interest. The grounds are laid out with admirable taste, and are quite as attractive as the interior of the house.

The first of the theatrical performances was given on Tuesday evening. It consisted of *Twelfth Night*, sustained by the Haymarket company, and the comedietta entitled *My Aunt's Advice*, with Mr. Sothern in his original part of Captain Howard Leslie. *Twelfth Night* was an acceptable Shakespeare offering, but many thought that Mr. Sothern, if he appeared in anything not Shakspearian, should have played Lord Dundreary. To the east of the *Twelfth Night*, I need not call your reader's attention. For my own part I cannot say that it was more than respectable. The play, however, was well suited to the Haymarket company, and the scenery and costumes were of the brightest and best. Mr. Buckstone was received with great favor on his entrance as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Macready recited passages from Shakespeare's plays, in the Stratford Theatre.

The second dramatic entertainment, given last evening, comprised *Romeo and Juliet* and the *Comedy of Errors*, both pieces sustained by artists of the Princess's Theatre entirely, Madlle. Stella Colas, the young French actress, filling the part of Juliet. This was the performance substituted for *Hamlet*, which, according to official announcement, "Mr. Fechter had withdrawn at the eleventh hour, after his repeated pledges to put it on the Stratford stage." Mr. Fechter has impaled himself on the horns of a dilemma, and he will be fortunate if he contrive to liberate himself without scathe or loss. It is most extraordinary that the injury done by the Frenchman should be mended by a Frenchwoman, and nothing can tell more powerfully against our own actors than the fact that when a foreigner, who had been set down in the programme to fill one of the poet's great characters, failed to keep his engagement, his place was filled by another foreigner, who undertook another of the poet's great characters. Here is matter for interminable speculation. I need say little about *Romeo and Juliet*, or the *Comedy of Errors*; your readers know all about them. The fair Juliet of the evening did not seem to please the Stratford audiences as she had those at the Princess's Theatre. The audience last night wanted Shakespeare, and, having something very different, were disappointed, in spite of the good looks and earnestness of the young actress. Indeed, many could not forbear from laughing, now and then, although there was an evident determination to be lenient. It was fortunate for Madlle. Stella Colas that she had come as a substitute. The play in other respects did not seem to afford any particular gratification. For my own part, I do not think *Romeo and Juliet*, with two exceptions, which I need not specify, could have been worse acted in any theatre in England.

The *Comedy of Errors* was a vast improvement on the tragedy, the cast being tolerably efficient and the Brothers Webb having real talent, besides being so wonderfully like. There were nearly three thousand persons present, and the company was brilliant in the extreme.

A Concert of instrumental music and glees, under the direction of Messrs. Coote and Stockley, was given this afternoon at the Shakespeare-Rooms. The chief feature of the programme was an Ode, by Mr. John Brougham, set to music by Mr. Alfred Mellon. Messrs. John Brougham and Alfred Mellon are ready for all possible occasions. They could not be ready for an occasion more worthy of their poetic and lyric inspirations than the Shakespeare Festival.

RIPPINGTON PIPE.

Shakspeare's Art.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I fear I did not make it clearly understood that I wished the corrected or altered verse in "Shakspeare's Art" to be thus:—

Or wrote so well, that to this very time,
Wit, wisdom, learning, logic, all we call,
Poetic flights that soar to heights sublime;
Even as an actor,—he excelled in all.

The line—

"Take him for all in all,—had we but seen him play;"
was to have been omitted. Kindly, let the verse be printed as
above in your next number, and oblige yours truly,

W. BARTHOLOMEW.

31, Brunswick Place, City Road, April 25.

LEEDS SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—The 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was commemorated in Leeds by an entertainment in the Victoria Hall on Friday and Saturday last—consisting of a Festival Overture for band, chorus, and organ, composed expressly for the occasion by Dr. Spark; the recital of an Ode to the memory of Shakespeare; and the reading, by Mr. Coleman, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with appropriate music selected from the works of Mendelssohn and others, and illustrated by a series of very beautiful tableaux arranged on a spacious and elegant stage erected in the hall for the special purpose. The band was one of the most perfect ever heard in Leeds, numbering forty-five performers, including nearly all the best local talent, strongly reinforced from Mr. Charles Halle's Manchester band. The chorus (soprani and alti only) numbered about eighty voices. The solo singers were Miss Helena Walker, Miss Windsor, and Miss Hargreaves. The first named lady sang Purcell's "Come unto these yellow sands," "Where the bee sucks," and "Over hill and over dale," with very good effect. Horn's duet, "I know a bank," was well sung by Misses Walker and Hargreaves. The "Wedding March" and "Scherzo," from Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, were splendidly played and created an unusual sensation. The concert concluded with the Grand Coronation March from the *Prophète*, which, if not Shaksperian, was worthy of Shakespeare and made a brilliant and exciting finale to a very fine entertainment "In this and, indeed, in all the music," writes the *Leeds Mercury*, "the band gave evidence of the experienced skill of those who composed it"—which, as we take it, is intended for a high compliment.

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